RANDOM RHYTHMS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

KALI KAIVALYA

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Aseem Prakashan
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PREFACE

VERSES FROM VOID TO VASTNESS

Kali Kaivalya, the poetic pen name of Suresh Kumar Soni, emerges as a writer of verses and a modern-day seer whose words emanate from the still core of spiritual inquiry. Rooted in the ancient wisdom traditions of India, including Vedic and Buddhist scriptures, his poetry invites readers into a contemplative realm where the ego dissolves and the soul glimpses its eternal essence.

Born into the literary lineage of Zia Fatehabadi, a renowned Urdu poet, and deeply immersed in India's philosophical heritage, Kali Kaivalya draws not on ornamentation or rhetorical flourish but on inner stillness and lived insight. His voice is one of inward reflection — gentle, contemplative, and steadfast. Each poem is less a performance and more a practice: a sadhana in verse, meant to awaken, align, and dissolve.

The name Kali Kaivalya holds profound significance. Kali, derived from Kala (meaning "darkness" or "time"), represents the mystery of the unseen, the void, and the silent womb of all creation. Kaivalya, from yogic and Samkhya traditions, signifies ultimate liberation: the separation of pure consciousness from illusions of material nature. Together, they depict a journey from illusion to enlightenment.

This collection of poems faithfully traces that journey.

His verses stem from personal insight, lived experience, and deep reflection. For him, poetry is the soul's language, a subtle current of consciousness flowing through love and loss, wonder and awakening. Each poem is a silent offering, not created from the need to impress, but from the desire to express what is eternal and true. The themes explored in these pages are timeless:

- the dissolution of ego (I'm Nobody)
- the unity of all existence (Whispers of the One)
- the acceptance of impermanence (Dreams and Death Unveiled)
- the call to inner silence and surrender (In the Quiet Depths, Flow Like a River)

- the alignment of man's world with Nature and Truth (Bridging the Divide, A Call for Global Peace)

Kali Kaivalya's poetry is minimal in form, yet rich in insight. The language is simple, almost elemental — rivers, sky, silence, flame — but beneath that simplicity lies a layered depth that moves the soul. Many of his poems follow a structured style of compact, metered quatrains that serve as philosophical mantras, each one a standalone revelation.

Unlike many modern poets who portray external chaos, Kali Kaivalya reflects inwardly. However, his work isn't escapist; it is deeply existential, spiritually rooted, and universally meaningful. It reflects a humanity lost in illusion, guiding us gently yet firmly back to the center.

Poetry teeters on the edge of oblivion in a world dulled by distraction and noise. Its voice, once the sacred heartbeat of civilizations, now struggles to be heard. If poetry is to survive, we must revive it and preserve its spirit. Within verse, a timeless, universal voice reveals eternal truth.

Reading Kali Kaivalya takes you beyond the poem into presence.
Hearing him is like recalling what was never lost.
Following his words is not about going outward, but inward, toward the eternal flame that lights the endless journey.

– Editor's Note

Poetry remains one of the soul's last sanctuaries in a world buzzing with haste and automation. Once the lifeblood of human expression, it now risks becoming a faint echo, drowned beneath the digital noise. But poetry is not merely ornamentation — it is the purest language of the human heart. This poem is a call to remembrance, a call to arms — to revive poetry, reclaim its power, and ensure its spirit endures and sings once more in our lives.

THE DYING ECHO OF VERSE

— and the resolve to revive it —

Once poetry sang from soul to soul,
A flame of truth, a sacred whole.
It held what silence could not show,
And lit the dark with inward glow.

But now in noise and screens and speed,
It fades beneath the world's new need.
Its voice grows faint, its breath is thin —
A whisper lost in modern din.

Shall we let silence take its place,
And dim the light of language's grace?
No — rise and let the verse return,
Let hearts ignite, let spirits burn.

For poetry, no code can fake —
It sings of what machines can't make.
It speaks in tones that touch the deep,
Where reason stumbles, dreams still leap.

Let every voice a rhythm find,
A truth that stirs both heart and mind.
Let every line, both bold and true,
Awaken something old, yet new.

Kali Kaivalya calls once more:
Revive the art the world ignores.
Restore the verse, renew the flame —
And give the soul its voice, its name.

Let us not allow verse to become a relic of a forgotten age. Let us be the breath that sustains it, the voice that carries it forward. For in poetry lies the eternal pulse of humanity — its love, longing, wonder, and awakening. May we all become torchbearers of this noble art, keeping its flame alive amid the noise, not for the sake of tradition, but because the truth it holds is timeless, universal, and deeply needed. Keep the Spirit of Poetry Alive.

SONGS FROM THE EAST
A COLLECTION OF POEMS

Come, turn these pages where the East endures,
Where time dissolves and deeper truth matures.
Each word is woven from the breath of stars —
Read… and the song of Self shall now be yours.

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[1] A CALL FOR GLOBAL PEACE

Let peace flow freely through word and art,
A healing song for every heart.
Beyond the noise of war and pain,
Let hope arise, let love remain.

O leaders, rise to conscience true —
Tear down the walls that power drew.
Where reason walks with feeling too near,
Let justice bloom and cast out fear.

No boots shall mar the sacred land,
No cries of war, no broken band.
In every heart, let silence ring,
A song of peace awakening.

Where cannons slept and fields turned green,
Let life return with a gentle sheen.
A place where once division grew,
Now dreams unfold in morning dew.

So, dream with me a world made right,
Where love and hope share equal light.
Where every step, with kindness, shod,
Becomes a prayer, a path to God.

Let laughter lift the skies above,
Unarmed, unmasked, in purest love.
No fear, no hate, no sword, no scar —
Just hearts at peace with who they are.

[2] FROM BELIEF TO REALIZATION

Religion, once a refuge, now a shroud,
Dividing hearts, stirring cries aloud.
Ancient dogmas bind with iron chains,
Yet the soul yearns for freedom's domains.

Awake the spirit — let its radiance rise;
Only love unites beneath all skies.
Beyond belief, let silence flower—
No truth is born from fear or power.

As fragrance blooms in flowers unseen,
And mirrors hold the visions they glean,
So too is God—eternal, pure, and bright—
Why seek in shadows what dwells in light?

God is the bliss beyond all frame,
The changeless spark, the formless flame.
Not this, not that — yet always here,
The still-born truth, so vast, so clear.

Life calls us forth, and death bids adieu,
A fleeting stage where sorrow ensues.
Yet no soul hastens toward its end—
A baffling dance we fail to comprehend.

The mind as a mirror reflects the whole,
Then consciousness awakens in the soul.
We ascend as the silent, watchful Seer—
Witness of life, unbound by doubt or fear.

[3] THE SILENCE BEYOND ALL KNOWING

Where is the body, the mind, the breath?
Where is desire, or even death?
I am not this, nor that, nor more —
I am the silence, the unseen shore.

No path to walk, no goal to find,
No chains to break, no ties that bind.
No self to know, no truth to seek —
I am the stillness, vast and meek.

No thoughts arise, no roles to play,
No night, no dawn, no yesterday.
All things that come and go are gone —
I am the 'One' that lingers on.

No god above, no form below,
No temple, word, or sacred show.
I am not here; I am not there—
I am the space beyond all care.

Nothing to gain, and none to lose,
No will to act, no fate to choose.
I simply am, without a name —
The quiet flame, the deathless same.

[4] FLOW LIKE A RIVER

We gaze upon a world so vast,
Yet, happiness seems not to last.
Too much or too little is the cry,
Of money, fame, or love gone dry.

A roof to shield, clothes to wear,
A meal to fill — what more is there?
Yet still we thirst in rivers wide,
Chasing dreams with restless pride.

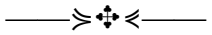
Desires, like shadows, come and go,
In the dance of life, we barely know,
The laughter hides beneath our sighs,
A secret joke behind our cries.

Why mourn for pleasures lost or gained?
Life's a game — let it be unchained.
For in this world of fleeting hours,
Why be ruled by empty powers?

Too many strive to dull their pain,
To search for joy in fleeting gain.
Yet, like the farmer sifting grain,
The wise know pleasure's brief refrain.

No heaven waits beyond the sky,
Salvation is but a mental lie.
Sorrow lingers in every heart,
But wisdom plays a different part.

So, flow, like rivers, strong and true,
Through every storm that darkens you.
Break through the rocks, carve out the way,
And keep on moving, come what may.



[5] DISQUIETUDE

In life's harsh realm, where shadows play,
Imbalance holds its weary sway,
'Twixt nature's grace and humankind's decay.
The ancient seers, in whispers low,
Proclaimed that life is steeped in woe—
Brief joys arise, then swiftly cease to glow.

Our restless souls for solace cry,
While sorrow's chains in silence lie,
Denying sleep to every tear-filled eye.
Yet through the storm, we seek a way,
And, stumbling through the shards of day,
Discover the strength we never meant to say.

For in the crucible of pain,
A hidden beauty frame again—
Like the sun that glimmers through a silver rain.
From silent roots in shadowed ground,
New gifts emerge without a sound,
And guide us where enduring joys are found.

For joy's true essence, pure and deep,
Is not in treasures we may keep,
But in the heart, where quiet rhythms sleep.
A task well done, a truth well known,
A humble pride in what we've grown—
The bloom of seeds our spirit's hand has sown.

We first must dream with eyes ablaze,
And walk with will, through the muddled maze,
To set alight a bright, consuming blaze.
Without this fire, no growth takes flight,

No striving climbs to reach the height—
No flame sustains our hard-won, inner light.

Desire and ignorance cast their shade,
And weave the grief by which we're stayed—
Yet hope endures, shadows once were placed.
True healing dawns when we embrace the night,
And tend the wounds with courage, clear and bright—
Transforming grief into a deeper right.

Distractions may the pain delay,
And charm the ache of life away,
But peace alone will help our soul to stay.
So, face the hurt, and let it shape your fate—
In pain endured, the spirit finds its gate.

For life is suffering—this we know:
From cradle's cry to final undertow,
Through tides of loss, our silent spirits flow.
Yet in our darkest hours, strength is born,
And truth resounds like morning's silver horn—
Where shadows fade, and radiant light is sworn.

In pain we enter, in pain we leave,
A flickering breath for hearts that grieve—
A dancing flame with only time to weave.
All things must pass, all forms must flee,
Yet still, the soul aspires to be free—
And in that hope, it finds its divinity.

[6] WHISPERS BEYOND WORDS

When words fall silent—frail and thin,
And storms of feeling surge within,
We stretch the threads of speech too tight,
And find our voice in verse and light.

In symbols profound, secrets reside,
We paint the truth, yet shape the lie—
With passion's fire, fierce and bright,
We carve the dark from borrowed light.

A child's first fib, so small, so sly,
Becomes the art we live and ply.
From tales we twist and myths we spin—
What truth lies waiting deep within?

For words, though vast, can still betray
The silent soul they seek to sway.
But quiet—the hush holds sweeter sound,
Where deeper truths are often found.

In ancient times, with glance and hand,
We spoke what hearts could understand.
A touch, a breath, a tearless cry—
Told truths no tongue could ever lie.

So, leave the shallows of the tongue,
Where echo's empty song is sung.
Return to signs, unshaped, unbound,
Where purest speech is sense and sound.

When whispers fade and the voice's part,
The silence opens the soul and heart.

The body speaks—the spirit shows—
Where silence blooms, the true self grows.

Be natural — breathe the open air,
Feel the earth and shed your care.
For in the stillness, gentle and deep,
Lies the grace where existence speaks.

[7] REVIVING VIRTUE

In times when virtue fades from sight,
And wrong parades as noble right,
The world adrift, its compass torn,
Where truth is mocked and lies are sworn.

Might usurp what's truly right,
Wealth declares its false birthright.
Business cloaked in cheating's guise,
Honesty drowned in deceitful ties.

Desires swell with ceaseless greed,
As souls grow hollow while they feed.
Adultery spreads its restless flame,
And honour bears a dying name.

The pious roar with hollow cries,
Their tongues steeped deep in crafty lies.
The old are cast in silent pain,
While petty squabbles breed disdain.

Yet even in this dusk of days,
A flicker stirs through murky haze—
A hope, a vow, a rising gleam,
To cleanse the soul, redeem the dream.

For virtue lost is not denied—
It sleeps in hearts not yet defied.
Through love and truth, we still may tend
The flame where broken things can mend.

[8] THE ILLUSION OF ECSTASY

They say the artist's soul takes flight
On drugs that stir creative light—
In music, verse, and fevered flame,
They claim the trance is not to blame.

A portal wide, where fears are shed,
Where silence speaks, and shadows spread—
Yet in that glow, so quick to gleam,
The mind dissolves its measured dream.

Freedom, they think, they truly feel,
But all it hides is what's unreal—
A fleeting high, a vacant glow,
Thoughts lose ground, and wisdom slows.

For in the rapture they embrace,
The world begins to lose its face.
The anchor breaks; they drift afar,
From sanity's familiar shining star.

The vanguard minds — the gifted few—
Once bold in thought, once sharp and true—
Now wander in a formless phrase,
Their genius blurred in mystic haze.

In altered states, the thread is torn,
Truth lies shattered, stained, and worn.
The verse once spun with lucid art
Now rolls with chaos at its heart.

Still, many claim they've found the key—
A gate to truth, the celestial eternity—

Yet all it does is blur the line
Between the real and the divine.

Yes, drugs can bring a fleeting spark,
A realm where reason falls apart,
But what's a world where mirrors break,
Where sense gives way, and minds forsake?

The colours dance, the visions sway,
But euphoria has a price to pay.
For in the grip of the toxic bliss,
The natural world we start to miss.

Some chase the high to flee their pain,
To break the mold, dissolve the chain—
But every flight that fakes the real
Leaves scars that time may never heal.

The whispers call with siren's might,
But lead us far from inner light—
A fleeting thrill, a painted sky,
That cannot teach the soul to fly.

To seekers drawn to altered heights,
Who bends the truth in borrowed lights?
The solace found in silent streams
Surpasses all those haunted dreams.

So, leave the poison, leave the lie,
Where natural truth will let us fly—
For in the real, the raw, the pure,
We'll find the beauty that will endure.

[9] BUDDHA, THE SAVIOUR OF TRUTH

The world revolves in ceaseless spin,
Where acts are sown, and fruits begin.
In shifting tides, in joy and pain,
The truth remains — beyond the chain.

Though Samsara cries and passions burn,
The flame of truth awaits return.
Beyond desire, beyond the lie,
A stillness watches, clear and high.

From stone to leaf, from beast to man,
Truth flows beneath the worldly plan.
It learns to feel, to speak, to seek,
A wordless grace, both strong and meek.

Yet mind is veiled by pride and fear,
And ego clouds the vision clear.
Desire deceives, and Mara's snare
Leads souls astray with scented air.

But Truth endures, unmoved, serene—
A moon above the shifting scene.
It calms the storm, it breaks the spell,
It points to where the sages dwell.

O Blessed One who lit the flame,
Who saw beyond both form and name,
The Buddha walks where sorrows cease—
A light of truth, a path of peace.

[10] THE COSMIC DANCE

We gaze at stars, the endless skies,
And wonder if the universe lies,
Not in three dimensions but in more,
Unseen, beyond our mind's door.

Our eyes perceive a fleeting dance,
Yet space may hold a grand expanse,
A silent lore — multi-layered mystery,
Beyond our reach, too vast to see.

If all is moving, spinning free,
There must be stillness, silently—
A force unseen, that stands apart,
The cosmic pulse, the beating heart.

The sages spoke of this great thread,
A truth that spans where stars are spread,
The centre of the moving spheres,
That quells our doubts and hushes fears.

Truth, we say, takes many forms,
Like shifting clouds before a storm.
Is truth forever etched in stone?
Or just a tale, a fleeting tone?

In space so vast, with edges blurred,
Can truth be found in what's inferred?
Perhaps all paths, though far and wide,
Lead to one truth where worlds collide.

What lies beyond the endless night,
Past numbers are infinite in flight?

From zero, life begins again,
A spiral, growing without an end.

Infinity, both full and bare,
Holds secrets in its boundless air.
From void to form, the worlds arise
Beyond nothingness, the future flies.

[11] SENIORS SHIFT TO SERENITY

When age arrives like twilight's hue,
And distant dreams no longer woo,
Why chase the gold, the fleeting name,
When peace now calls, not praise or fame?

The youth await with open hand,
To shape anew this shifting land.
Let elders guide, then gently yield,
Their wisdom sown in life's wide field.

The Vedas spoke in voices old,
Of duties done, of burdens sold.
When twilight falls on worldly ties,
The spirit stirs, the ego dies.

Renounce the race, the restless call,
Embrace the stillness, shed it all.
A simpler life, a clearer view —
The self-made vast, the wants made few.

In silence blooms a richer grace,
Beyond the grasp of time or place.
With hearts set free and love to give,
The soul truly starts to live.

O blessed are those who choose to be
Not rulers, but a canopy —
Of shade and light, serene and wise,
Preparing youth as they arise.

[12] THE PATH OF TRUTH UNFURLED

All flowers must fade; their petals drift away,
For time, relentless, claims what once was bright.
Yet when the noble truth arises to light the way,
Resistance grows, defending the ancient might.

In seeking "who is right," we cloud the skies,
But wisdom seeks the "what" in clearer view.
Through open hearts, where love and reason rise,
We forge a path where spirit shapes the new.

Cast off the chains the hardened ego binds,
Like wheat from chaff, let falsehood be denied.
Along the narrow path, the spirit finds.
A flame that walks with truth and conscious stride.

In silence, truths are found and fears released,
Beyond old faiths, the soul finds lasting peace.

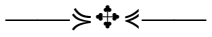
[13] HEAL THE MIND

We breathe in poisoned air, disease, and strife,
With storms of plague and flame, the world is bent.
Yet, why does medicine fail to guard life?
While simple, empty pills bring sweet content?

For illness roots not in the flesh alone—
The mind and body share a woven thread.
In whirling thoughts, disease will find its throne,
And stress becomes the shade where fear is fed.

The truest cure lies far beyond the pill —
In silent depths, where AUM begins to rise.
It serves no creed, yet bends the restless will,
Its timeless sound brings peace that never dies.

Though bodies mend, it's peace that makes us whole —
Healing starts within the heart and soul.



[14] WE ARE FLEETING SPARKS

Truth, a bitter pill, elusive to the mind,
While purpose casts a shadow, self-designed.
We shape our worlds, our fates in silence drawn,
Yet none outlive the lawless will of time.

In cosmic dance, life blooms, then slips away,
Seasons swirl in cycles, night turns to day.
Existence flows, a stream without a cause,
Just as the sun will rise, yet never stay.

We come and go, a spark in endless light,
Yet mankind's essence holds, beyond our sight.
Though Earth may fade, in stars we'll rise again,
In realms unknown, where time and space unite.

Nothing is lost, nor born in virgin hue,
The cosmos chants one law, both old and true.
No hand of God, but nature's voice unseen,
In formless depths, all forms are born anew.

[15] THE LAST BREATH OF POETRY

O Poetry — bold whisper of the soul,
Though worn and wan, you still are whole.
You lie now low, beneath dim skies,
Unseen by dull and jaded eyes.

Once crowned upon the thinker's brow,
A flame unchained, eternal vow—
You were the pulse in dreamers' speech,
The silent truth no hand could reach.

They say you're spent, your spirit waned,
Your rhythms lost; your verses drained.
But those who've felt your sacred art
Still bear your breath within the heart.

We shall not yield, O flame denied,
Though cast aside, though crucified.
Within each heart, over blood and breath,
You wage a silent war on death.

Let pens rise high and silence break,
Let every sleeping heart awake.
While love endures and spirits strive,
You, hallowed verse — shall stay alive.

[16] THE HINDU WAY OF LIFE

To live in fullness, whole and wise,
Sanatan Dharma lifts our eyes —
Four stages mark life's sacred climb,
A path through self, through soul, through time.

In youth, the flame of learning burns,
The seeker studies, questions, turns.
Then comes the life of love and care,
Of work and kin, and duties shared.

The forest calls when strength does fade,
In quiet woods, the self is weighed.
And last, in peace, all bonds release —
The soul returns to silent peace.

Four goals align the inner quest:
To live with truth, with joy, with rest;
To build, to love, to seek the light,
And end in freedom, infinite.

Bhakti loves, and Karma serves,
Jnana knows, and Dhyana swerves
The mind from noise to stillness deep —
Where gods awaken from their sleep.

Each path, each stage, each sacred stream
Leads onward to the One Supreme.
Where form dissolves, the self is free —
A drop returned into the sea.

[17] BRIDGING THE DIVIDE

The wealth of worlds in few hands lies,
While millions gaze at empty skies;
They chase a dream that slips like sand,
In systems shaped by human hand.

Poverty is not nature's way,
But born of greed and power's play.
We built the walls, we drew the line,
Then called the poor their fate's design.

No beast in field, no bird in flight
Is cast aside by birth or right.
In nature's law, no caste is cast—
No soul denied, no one held last.

Yet still we cling to manmade chains,
While silent millions bear their pains.
As towers rise in polished pride,
A billion hunger on the side.

But hope remains — if we so choose,
To heal the cracks, to not abuse.
With heart and hand, the path is clear:
To build a world that's just and dear.

Where none are left to beg or bind,
But all may share the wealth of kind.

[18] THE WORLD SEEKS PEACE, NOT WARS

Though not at war, we feel its breath—
The trembling ground, the scent of death.
While tempers flare and treaties break,
The world still shudders, wide awake.

Now is the time to raise our voice,
To turn from wrath, to make the choice—
That every land, and every creed,
May sow not hate, but kinder seed.

Let truth and trust rebuild the frame,
Where dialogue replaces blame.
Recall the cost of battles past,
And choose a peace that's built to last.

If words fall short, let silence guide,
As sages sat, with flame beside.
In stillness deep, the wise once found
A higher law, a sacred ground.

Let peace flow soft through field and tree,
Through sky and soul, through land and sea.
Let peace be sown in every part—
In thought, in deed, in human heart.

Aum, we intone — let strife release,
Let joy arise, let all know peace.
May love endure, may anguish cease—
And life be crowned with boundless peace.

[19] NOTHINGNESS

Sunya — no-thing, the silent space,
Where thought dissolves and leaves no trace.
The mind stands still; it cannot chart
The boundless truth that breaks its art.

Unfathomable depths we dare not name—
We call it void, yet feel the flame
Of something vast, yet undefined,
Beyond the reach of mortal mind.

The truths we hold as close and true
Are shaped by fear and a shadowed view.
We see not what the moment yields,
But what appears through tinted shields?

And so, we weave our veils and dreams,
Illusions born of passing schemes.
We take the form to be the real,
Too scared to face what we can't feel.

We drift through tides of shifting thought,
By partial truths so deftly caught,
Yet never touch that still domain —
The absolute, untouched by name.

Still, let us dive — just once, be free,
And taste that deep simplicity;
A fleeting sip, a silent kiss
Of boundless, breathless nothingness.

[20] THE TIDE OF TRUTH

Not bound by creed, nor law, nor fate,
Hindu thought seeks no cult, no gate;
It rises free, as a boundless quest,
To find the Self, the soul's unrest.

Not abstract thought, nor reason's play,
But Truth lived deep, in heart's array;
A shining song, a knowledge wide,
Where spirit and life easily coincide.

Like rivers born of Himalayan grace,
Flowing down in time's gentle embrace,
A stream of light through ages cast,
Awakening souls, steadfast and vast.

No notions trimmed, no logic caged,
No truths by clever minds upstaged;
But silence steeped in boundless view,
Where truth is lived, and known as true.

They sought to be — to live, to see—
The Self in all, and all as He;
To glimpse the flame the soul contains,
The One who dwells in all that reigns.

The breath of life, the primal sound,
The source, the goal, the light unbound —
Through shadowed paths or radiant skies,
One boundless Truth that never dies.

[21] THE FOUNDATION OF DHARMA

Dharma speaks in a virtuous tone,
Of love upheld, of right well-known;
Its calm light casts away our fear,
And shows the way through doubt sincere.

In selfless deeds, its roots run deep,
Where sages woke from karmic sleep;
Conviction, duty, ethics burn—
A flame by which the just discern.

Desire, pride, and anger blind,
While ego wrecks what peace had lined;
But where restraint and stillness grow,
True wisdom starts to gently flow.

Let knowledge be the sword we bear,
To act with grace, to live with care;
Though wealth may fade and power die,
The good and just will ever fly.

In balance dwells the higher way—
Both soul and world in calm array;
When reason bows to truth above,
The path is lit by light and love.

So, guard your heart, your word, your will,
Let Dharma guide and gently fill—
For only love can end all strife,
And righteousness gives shape to life.

[22] THE DANCE OF JOY AND SORROW

In twilight's hush, where silent shadows sigh,
A ripple stirs — brief laughter, soft and bright;
You cannot touch the joy that floods the sky
Without the sorrow rising into light.

The morning sun, though golden in its grace,
Still hums the song the moonlight left behind;
Each joy, a flame with slow and tender pace,
Is born where grief and radiance entwined.

The heart, a chalice carved from tears and song,
Holds ache and ecstasy in equal share;
From sorrow's root, joy's blossoms grow so strong —
Their petals open in the inner air.

So let us dance where light and shadow meet,
For joy and sorrow move in one heartbeat.

[23] TOGETHER – LOVE FOREVER BLOOMS

In twilight's hush, hand in hand we stay,
Where silence speaks what words can't say.
A tapestry spun from love's golden thread,
We wander where softest dreams are led.

When shadows stretch and starlight gleams,
We sit near, embraced in quiet dreams.
The years dissolve in this tender light—
Love blooming still, serene and bright.

In the quiet dusk where whispers sigh,
Our laughter drifts, both soft and wry.
Time-worn hands still weave dreams anew,
With you, love's flame shines ever true.

Your laughter echoes, my sweetest sound,
In your eye's, lost stars are found.
Though time has carved its marks so deep,
In love's bright clasp, our spirits leap.

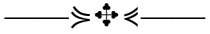
By silver streams in twilight's fold,
Your gaze brings dawn to all I hold.
The world grows still, but we take flight,
Two hearts aglow in fading light.

The tea grows cool, but your eyes remain
A hearth where love defies the strain.
Though time may dim the world we knew,
We dwell in love — forever true.

The candle flickers, yet steady we burn,
In every touch, the stars return.

With every crease, a promise sown—
Together still, though time has flown.

Each wrinkle tells of joy once kissed,
Of dreams fulfilled and moments missed.
The breeze hums low our ageless tune—
Together, forever, beneath the moon.



[24] THE LIGHT WITHIN

Beyond the mind's frail reach, it stands unknown —
A realm where thought dissolves, the self alone.
No voice can name it, yet the heart conveys
A flash of light, the soul has always known.

To speak of light that dawns beyond all sight,
Is to shape the shadows in the realm of night.
Yet pen must write and language strive to trace,
To trace the hush where dawns the inward light.

Enlightenment escapes all form and frame;
No word can bind it, none can hold its flame.
Each soul must walk the silence of its way,
And find, within, the truth no tongue can name.

The heart must feel what thought can never prove —
An inner light that burns, yet never dares to move.
This secret fire, untouched by space or time,
Breathes in the soul — a still, eternal groove.

[25] SPIRITUALITY – THE GLOBAL RELIGION

Too long has blood been spilled in sacred name,
While veils of faith concealed the cry of pain —
A world grown wise still plays the olden game,
And peace lies shackled in a holy chain.

Why bind the soul to dogma's rusted wall,
When truth is not a creed, nor born of fear?
Let hearts arise where no blind echoes call,
And find the stars where skies at last grow clear.

Traditions handed down like ancient stone,
Shape lives in forms their spirits never chose —
But every soul must journey on its own,
To seek the self, the quiet path bestows.

What faith endures when sculpted into law?
It hardens light and traps the voice within —
Yet spirit speaks where wonder holds no flaw,
And silence bears the seed of all that's been.

Spirituality — soft, radiant, deep —
A turning in where outer sounds grow still;
Not dogma's heights, but soul's unmeasured steep,
Where light unveils the self beyond the will.

So let us walk, unarmed by fear or pride,
With eyes unclouded and with hands unclosed;
No gate, no script — just love that will abide,
And truth once lost, now quietly reposed.

[26] WHEN SELF MEETS THE COSMIC SELF

The Self is not by thought or mind attained,
Nor through the scrolls of knowledge ever gained.
It calls the heart in silence, veiled and deep —
Revealed by grace, where egos fall asleep.

Not for the restless soul that leaps and cries,
But one whose stillness mirrors open skies —
A heart made pure, in quietude made whole,
Beholds the Self beyond the mind's control.

For sense and sight were outward cast by fire,
To chase the world, to hunger, strive, desire.
Thus, man looks out and finds a dream instead,
While inward lies the truth, it remains unread.

Yet wise are they who turn their gaze within,
Where light emerges, free from fear or sin.
Their Self meets Self in joy's unbroken flame —
And what was "I" no longer having a name?

No "me," no "you," no watcher to remain —
All forms dissolve, as drops that meet the rain.
The knower and the known become the same,
In bliss beyond all thought, beyond all frame.

There, God and man no longer stand apart,
But beat as one within the boundless heart.
In stillness found, the Cosmic Self is near —
So vast, so close, so silent, yet so clear.

[27] THE SEED AND THE SPIRIT

To fathom life, behold the seed —
How still it sleeps, then stirs with need,
Breaks hushed and slow beneath the sod,
Unfolding by the will of God.

It stretches upward, pure and true:
From root to trunk, then branch and bloom,
And bloom to fruit in silent grace —
No hand can haste, no force can chase.

The gardener stands, both calm and wise,
He waters, waits beneath the skies.
Yet cannot will the bud to grow —
Its path is set, its pace is slow.

So too, the soul ascends unseen,
A quiet rise through all between —
The senses roam, the mind ignites,
Where shadows stir and birth the light.

There, right and wrong take shape and flame,
A joy when noble deeds we claim;
A sting of shame when falsehoods rise,
A warning flare behind the eyes.

For deep within, a voice is near —
A whisper firm, yet soft and clear.
The pulse of stillness, calm and bright,
The spirit's torch, the inner light.

He who walks within its gleam
Finds truth and peace beyond the dream.

But he who turns his gaze away
Shall drift through night and blind dismay.

No soul enslaved by craving's snare
Can breathe in freedom's holy air.
But he who stills desire's storm
Shall rise, renewed in spirit's form.

[28] BHARAT

O cradle of the human race,
Where spirit walks with ageless grace —
A land where silence speaks profound,
And soul in sacred truth is found.

The Vedas pulse in breath and breeze,
In stars above, in roots of trees;
They map the mind, the heart, the sky,
Where questions bloom and answers lie.

In Sanskrit's chant, in mantra's fire,
Lives knowledge time cannot retire.
Not Latin's art, nor Grecian light,
Can match her inner, soaring height.

Though scarred by chains and shadows cast,
Her strength still rises from the past.
No conqueror's word, no passing fame,
Can dull her deeply rooted flame.

She dwells in time both old and new,
In mystic depths, in morning dew.
Where life is seen as whole, not part,
And dharma flows from heart to heart.

O Bharat! Rise, the world now turns
To ancient light that in you burns.
A noble way, both still and wide—
The truth the restless seek to guide.

[29] SHALLOW BREATHING – SMOGGY SKY

Over Delhi's dome, a heavy grey,
Where Yamuna sighs and skies decay.
The morning cough, the mask, the haze —
Now mark the start of city days.

Rajpath fades in dusty light,
No breeze to cleanse, no blue in sight.
From Parali smoke to engine's snare,
Each breath becomes a silent prayer.

Children wheeze in schoolyard games,
Their laughter lost in coughing names.
The rickshaw-puller pulls with pain,
While metro breathes through windowpane.

Smokestacks dance in muted gloom,
While gardens bloom with poisoned plume.
Lodi's tombs and Delhi Gate
Now watch the skies suffocate.

The sacred air, a gift divine,
Now bartered off for power and time.
O Dilli, where the saints once walked,
The winds now seem heavily choked.

Let dharma wake in hearts once more,
To guard what we so long ignore.
For every breath, for future's sake —
Let Delhi rise, and smog forsake.

[30] WARLESS WELFARE WORLD

Set aside your strife, unite as one,
For every daughter, father, son.
Let reason lead and love inspire,
To lift us from the depths of fire.

No borders drawn, no banners high,
Just kindness blooming ‘neath the sky.
No thirst for gold, no war to win —
Let peace and hope arise within.

Where fields once burned, let blossoms grow,
And laughter drowned the cries of woe.
No soldier’s tread, no cannon’s roar,
Just open hearts forevermore.

Let leaders rise to truth’s command,
And tear down walls with outspread hand.
May justice guide, may hearts align —
A brighter world by love defined.

So, dream with courage, act with grace,
Let empathy reclaim its lofty place.
In every heart, let this be heard:
Peace is our most precious word.

[31] THE WATCHER

In search of joy through crowded streets,
We stumble where sorrow softly weeps —
Weary, lost, with minds ensnared,
Yet clutch the thoughts that leave us bared.

The mind — our architect of woe —
Divides, deceives, and whispers know.
It builds the walls of mine and yours,
And binds us fast with countless doors.

But in the stillness, deep and wide,
Where thought retreats and shadows hide,
A quiet dawn, a secret grace,
Begins to bloom in a silent space.

No want, no pride, no craving need,
The restless I at last recedes.
The mind, now still, becomes a glass,
Reflecting all that comes to pass.

A Watcher wakes — a Seer sees
With eyes unclouded, vast, at ease.
And as the world dissolves in light,
Two realms converge beyond all sight.

In that great Oneness, thread undone,
The soul and cosmos breathe as one.
In boundless light, all selves absolve —
The Watcher and the Watched dissolve.

[32] THE UNTESTED REALITY

Atman, the soul of boundless light,
Breathes through life, day and night,
Obeying Nature's silent law —
The pulse of Prakriti without flaw.

Yet higher still, beyond the frame,
Shines Paramatman's sacred flame —
A cosmic guide, both vast and still,
That shapes all forms by timeless will.

What seems as matter, what as force,
Are veils upon a single source?
Where spirit walks in waves unseen,
And time dissolves what lies between.

Our senses bind us to the known,
While truth in deeper realms is sown;
To pierce the veil is to awake,
And see the world, the wise partake.

Not bound by dogma, creed, or rite,
The Upanishads unveil the Light —
"To know the One is to know all,"
A whisper from the mystic's call.

So, in this world, both near and far,
Lies grace beneath the furthest star;
The Real is vast, untouched by claim —
A silent fire, a formless flame.

[33] THE PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE

The life force stirs, the will takes flame,
To shape our path, to play the game;
No mystic hand, no fate to blame —
Just self, and strength, and inner aim.

In every task, both small and wide,
Let heart and soul in truth abide;
For excellence is not in praise,
But how we live our fleeting days.

With reason sharp and purpose clear,
We rise above both doubt and fear;
No borrowed light, no mimic's art —
Just quiet fire and steadfast heart.

What's right is sweet, not always kind,
Yet joy awaits the patient mind;
For trials, like fires, refine the soul,
And shape the broken into whole.

Let not another's path deceive —
In you, a truth you must believe;
A seed of light, serene and sure,
To seek, to grow, to still endure.

So let the restless spirit rise,
With open heart and fearless eyes;
Through toil and grace, the soul ascends,
And finds its joy where struggle ends.

[34] HEALTH IS WEALTH

Health is more than flesh and bone —
It hums beneath, a strength unknown,
Where spirit steadies' breath and beat,
And body, mind, and soul complete.

We chase the world — its praise and gold,
Yet find our hearts grow worn and cold.
Desire ignites but never stills,
It feeds the void, yet never fills.

Fame is a mirror not our own,
Reflecting voices, not our tone.
And riches, like the shifting sand,
Escape the grasp, defy the hand.

The body — gifted, pure, and wise —
Needs little more than truth supplies:
Good rest, clean food, a calm routine,
And space to breathe in thoughts unseen.

A sound body holds a steady mind,
Where joy and purpose intertwine.
Not all that stirs is illness-born —
Some light within is wisdom's dawn.

Beyond the fear of life and death
Awaits the stillness in each breath —
Where self dissolves, and all is one,
A boundless peace, a rising sun.

[35] IN PURSUIT OF TRUTH

Torch-bearers rise to light the way,
All truths from one great source convey.
What seems our thought, our voice, our line —
Is borrowed light we claim as mine.

The thief of thought hides deep from view,
Our words reflect the minds we knew.
The truly wise wrote not a page —
No claim to truth, no need to cage.

No word from heaven, none divine —
All creeds are shaped by human sign.
Their truths are veiled in forms and names,
In faiths that play both saints and games.

Beyond belief, where silence speaks,
True spirit lives in love; it seeks.
Where kindness flows and egos cease,
There dwells the soul in quiet peace.

The world resists the light of truth,
Entranced by tales it learned in youth.
Yet time reveals what lies in disguise —
Truth never fades, though masked by lies.

It may disturb, but does not harm.
Lies charm the ear but lack true calm.
Truth stands alone, serene and pure —
Seek it with courage, and endure.

[36] IN THE QUIET DEPTHS

When words fall short,
Truth flows in silence,
Where hearts listen
And love speaks without sound…

Sometimes,
under a sunless sky,
A wise one finds a way,
speaks the truth,
nudges the sleepers awake.
But words, like bare hands,
fumble for what can't be held.

The mind — the mind stands guard,
Its rooms are full of logic.
Words slip in and settle,
But one baffling note —
One off-key whisper — and the mind stirs,
startled, for truth lies beyond reason's reach.

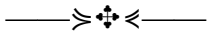
The heart — here's where the spirit waits,
where gentle things rise,
love and compassion,
delicate as breaths.
But the heart speaks in silence,
knows nothing of words,
Its language is an empty sound.

Most don't know this silence,
this tender, breath-held hush.
But lovers know, lovers feel it,
In still moments, in a glance or a touch,

as hands speak to hands,
And love spills out, wordless, unseen.
They sit, knowing something passes
between them, deeper than speech.

So it is for the seeker,
Who touches, somehow,
The unspeakable mystery,
an echo drawn from silence,
from the space beyond spaces,

The silent Akash of Consciousness,
where what cannot be said
finds its Home.



[37] MYSTERIOUS SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES

A mystery is a puzzle.
The more we probe, the more
It slips into elusiveness —
complex as a wisp in fog.

Lacking clarity, we labor,
sorting fact from fiction,
and fall short,
of a reasonable explanation
for the mystical.

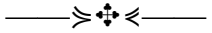
After all, a spiritual experience
defies intellect and spirituality
has little to do with intelligence.

How can a three-dimensional seeker
Break into the multi-dimensional?

Indian sages called it Turiya,
The fourth dimension,
The 'Nothing' we know
of that 'Something'
beyond comprehension.
So, spiritual truths go unspoken.

As a loyal lover guard
her beloved from the world's gaze,
So too, the seeker
veils the wonder of,

mysterious spiritual experiences,
from the world's eyes
tangled individually
to others, unsolved, unexplained.



[38] EVOLUTION OF THOUGHT

The poet's mind is a restless galaxy of stars,
orbiting questions that have no end,
drawn to seek patterns in the dark.

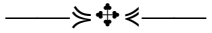
They see the world we've crafted,
a tangle of missteps and mistaken truths,
And within this chaos, they reach
to pull meaning from the mad, mad, mad world.

They gather words like stones,
construct phrases like walls,
Yet every line falls short —
truth slipping through the spaces,
leaving them bound to the language
They thought they could wield.
Each line, a lock; each sentence, a shackle.
Their mind, now a cage of words.

Holy books lie untouched, unyielding,
Their voices held tightly in time,
their verses unaltered, unquestioned,
while the world around them sheds its skin.
The poets wonder, ache,
Driven by questions, relentless as the sea.

Yet they write on, in despair and joy,
chasing fragments of light in the dark,
each word a desperate reach toward truth —
straining to hold it, to pin it down,
to drag it from the silence before it slips away.
They write, though haunted, consumed,
burning with the hope that one phrase,

One searing line might pierce the veil —
might wrench free a sliver of the unsayable,
and for one bright, trembling moment,
Bring the impossible into form.



[39] WE ARE ONE

Brahman, they say, is boundless truth,
The root of joy, of life, of youth.
Beyond all name, beyond all bliss,
It dwells in silence, a vast abyss.
Its pulse is pure, conscious, and still —
The changeless source, the hidden will.

In every being, God abides,
A quiet flame the soul confides.
A stream of light, undimmed by name,
That burns in all — a single flame.
No form it takes, no voice, no face,
Yet fills all time, all thought, all space.

This God is Sat–Chit–Ananda — bliss,
A truth no fleeting world can miss.
The ground beneath all things that are,
Yet distant as the furthest star.
It is the real, the final shore,
Where self dissolves, and seeks no more.

In stillness speaks this voiceless truth,
Beyond the grasp of age or youth.
No eye has seen, no hand has caught
This light that weaves both life and thought.
Yet in the heart, its current flows,
A peace the silent spirit knows.

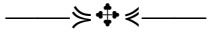
It is the source of all we see,
The seed of time and destiny.
Not This, Not That — so sages taught,
What's sought is not what can be sought.

The veil of form must fade away,
To touch the light behind the clay.

It flows through form, yet has no frame,
It moves in all, yet stays the same.
The Truth of truths, both near and far,
Is not the world, but what we are.
It breathes as one among all who live,
A love no death can take or give.

What need of form for truth so vast?
What need of future, self, or past?
Where soul and God are both the same,

No path, no place, no face, no name —
Just Brahman's bliss, pure, wide, and free,
The one in all, the all-in we.



[40] FROM MORTAL TO DIVINE

This world is but a woven thread,
Of restless forms and things that die,
Where fire and thought are gently wed,
Yet bound to ground, and not to sky.

In stone and seed, in flesh and flame,
A silent urge to live remains —
A need to last, to find a name,
To flee from loss, escape from chains.

Each soul is drawn by some design,
A whisper from the other shore —
Where beauty waits, where stars align,
Where less dissolves and becomes more.

Perfection shines just out of reach,
A light that haunts the heart and bone;
It calls beyond what senses teach,
Beyond the known, beyond the known.

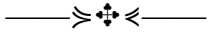
This hunger drives all life to grow,
To stretch beyond the shape, it wears —
From root to wing, from thought to glow,
From flesh to truth, the spirit dares.

So let us not await the dawn,
But rise now from this narrow frame;
The veil of time can still be drawn,
If we but speak the silent name.

Let's cast aside decay and doubt,
And seek the flame that does not fade —
Where soul steps in, and self steps out,
And mortal dust is unafraid.

Not born of fear, nor bound by fate,
But walking paths the wise have known —
We meet the light we emulate,
And find the source we once had flown.

To rise is not to leave the earth,
But claim the truth that waits within —
To see in man the God of birth,
And shed the skin to shine again.



[41] TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Death is the great equalizer — still,
It renders all as one: the strong, the frail,
The rich, the poor, the wise who shape with skill,
And fools whose dreams, like vapors, fade and fail.

This life is strange — a mystery, a play,
Though death attends the turning of each day,
We live as though our time will never cease,
Blind to the call of that eternal peace.

Life's road is marked by neither map nor sign,
Yet each must walk its path of dust and stone.
With every breath, a paradox aligns:
Death is the truth we know — and yet unknown.

If, ere our birth, the veil was drawn aside,
And all life's griefs were laid before our view —
Would we still choose to join this mortal tide?
Or stay unborn, untouched, serene, and true?

And yet, we come — earthbound by some command,
Clutching at life, though death is always near.
To live, to die — both written in the sand,
Where joy and sorrow walk the same frontier.

I, too, am cast upon this mortal shore;
Life brought me here, and death shall call me back.
I came not seeking joy — but ask no more —
I tread the path that all must learn to track.

[42] THE COSMOS SPEAKS

The cosmos hums with matter, light, and flame,
Celestial tides drift on with none to name.
In boundless space — no walls, no ends —
Where time bends back, and truth transcends.

In silence deep, where dark and starlight meet,
All moves in tune, in cycles still and sweet.
Matter and energy, woven as one —
The dance of decay, the birth of the sun.

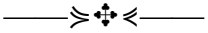
Atoms spin in their secret embrace,
Tiny cosmoses locked in place.
What seems so solid, stable, bright —
Is but energy held in the hands of light.

Bound by forces both subtle and wise,
They rise and fall where no eye spies.
A delicate code they never betray,
Each pulse aligned in the grand ballet.

The cause of all lies hidden, deep —
A conscious source that does not sleep.
Unborn, unshaped, the primal law,
The blueprint is silent, without flaw.

It speaks in birth and silent decay,
Reclaims the old, brings new to play.
In every form, in all that lives,
A pulse of cosmic knowing gives.

So, know: in this web of dust and flames,
We share in a trust beyond all names.
From that one source, all selves depart —
Life as awareness, the cosmos as heart.



[43] THE SILENCE OF STILLNESS

To live well is to accept —
this world, this moment,
as it is, not as we wish.

Each thing finds its place,
like stars aligned
in silent skies.

Time flows —
no pause, no return.
This breath, this beat,
is all we ever have.

To resist the now
is to resist all.
Let it unfold —
still, unmoved.

When anger stirs,
it is not the world,
but our own fire rising
in quiet air.
Our feelings —
shadows we cast
beneath awareness.

In stillness,
the world moves right.
And we, watching,
simply are.

[44] ONE EARTH, ONE FAMILY

In one shared home, we all reside —
A human family, far and wide.
We chase material wealth and gain,
Yet morals alone bear a lasting reign —
In spirit, all true values abide.

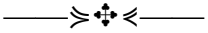
Our cultures are rich with art and lore,
And faiths from soulful roots once bore.
But only the flame of the human heart,
Of compassion and care from the very start,
Is natural — where others are shaped by more.

Can creeds let go of ancient strife?
Can we embrace a common life?
With minds set free and hearts aligned,
A shared destiny we may find —
And rise beyond the old divide.

This century tests what we believe —
Yet wounds can heal, and hate can leave.
A world as one, with bias gone,
May harvest peace in a brighter dawn,
And rest beneath one banner's weave.

It's not some prophecy from above —
But a vision born of boundless love.
A future shaped when nations unite,
And borders blur into morning light.

Divisions fade like night from skies,
Walls fall, and separation dies.
Then Earth becomes what it's meant to be —
Our shared home, one family, free.



[45] FAITH IS FROZEN IN TIME

Religion divides,
fragments breed wars, lifeblood lost —
peace waits, bound, unseen.

Rage from learned minds,
The pulse of faith fades away —
Silent tides emerge.

Support wanes, faith weakens,
structures crumble, end draws near —
Beliefs drift to dusk.

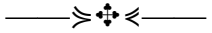
Faith's place diminishes,
vanishing in the shadows' grip —
An epitaph calls.

Man's mind shapes belief,
God's meaning slips through its grasp —
Paradox unfolds.

Faith, a concept shaped,
assurance, love, pledged to God —
not reality.

Ages drift and change,
social tides bend, seek to sync —
Time's swift rhythm calls.

Through the ages unchanged,
Religion stands still,
It's time for reform,
to shape faith's will.



[46] A VISION OF EARTH REBORN

Imagine Earth in calm embrace,
No flags of war, no frenzied chase —
But human hearts, in still accord,
Alive in light, by love restored.

Where hunger fades, and fear is past,
And every soul is housed at last;
With health and wisdom freely sown,
No child unseen, no voice alone.

The wealth of Earth — no longer hoarded,
But shared, as life itself afforded.
A conscious world, in balance spun,
Its many streams returned to one.

No borders drawn by blood or pride,
But open paths where all may stride.
Nations distinct, yet spirits so near,
Their strength in listening, not in fear.

Perhaps one rule, perhaps not so —
But guided by a common glow:
A will to rise, to learn, to mend,
To shape the world, we dare defend.

Though distant now, the vision stays —
A dawn beyond our present days.
It calls us on, through storm and flame,
Toward a world reborn in name.

[47] BEYOND BELIEF

The time has come —
to lift our eyes, to move ahead,
to turn the page, to outgrow
the walls of faith, and step beyond
The binding chains of creed.

Religions, yes — have worn the ages,
bled through dust and fire,
their names rising like smoke
through every ravaged century,
still trailing ash
In the wake of our world.

A world without walls —
where minds breathe freely —
might finally lean into peace.
Religion, forged by human hands,
not born of gods,
still bears the shape of war.

To cast off these ancient forms,
We must unbind, uproot
The Earth from battles past,
and let it find new shape —
A space unbarred.

The world is waiting.
Let us shed the hardened shell
of beliefs that stifle,
let them break, return to dust —

and let a new spirit rise:
undivided, to remake our days
With a quiet voice
and unbound breath.

[48] WHO GRANTS THE RIGHT?

(On the rape of children)

Who grants the right,
to tear light from a child's eyes,
to crush trust like fallen leaves,
to treat innocence as debris?

What twisted law permits
young lives to be defiled —
then left in silence,
While we call this world "civilized"?

A child's trust is sacred —
not to be bruised in shadows
by hands that should protect,
not destroy.

Even beasts kill to survive;
They do not maim the soul.
Yet some among us
sink far below the wild.

So, tell me —
Who is truly savage?
Who should hang his head in shame?

Let silence break. Let justice speak.
Let laws breathe fire, not dust.
Let every heart rise,
and never again
fail the light of a child.

[49] SATYA DHARMA

Within us flows a boundless light,
In essence, unseen, yet felt in flight—
It stirs our thoughts, it shapes our will,
It tempers the heart, serene and still.

In Satya's realm, where truths ascend,
the mind and soul in sync extend—
beyond desires that blindly flare,
to heights where finer truths lie bare.

A law unseen, yet present here,
binds all that's pure, draws all that's clear;
It distils the murky depths within,
and brings a calm that won't rescind.

With a softened heart and mind at peace,
We shed unrest, all turmoil cease,
to know our souls, to walk with grace,
and bring to earth a gentle space.

To see within, and find the whole,
is Satya Dharma's timeless goal;
to practice goodness, spread its glow,
and rest in peace with all we know.

[50] SUBTLE IS THE SONG OF THE SOUL

How can the mind in stillness come to rest,
When thoughts arise, unbidden, at life's quest?
As beats sustain the heart's unceasing stream,
So spins the mind by nature, not by scheme.

The heart is bound by sinew, blood, and bone,
But mind, ungrasped, resides beyond the known.
It roams through depths where form and shadow play,
It's hold on deed and dream, none can allay.

This truth remains — no force can stop the tide.
Thoughts swell and fade, then turn and override.
True mastery lies not in thought's control,
But in the peace untouched within the soul.

As particles that shift when watched with care,
So, thoughts grow still beneath a gentle stare.
The double-slit unveils this mystic code:
Awareness carves a calm along the road.

Just watch, release — no clutch, no inner war;
The mirror clears, when Self is grasped no more.
The Drishta stands — a witness, still and bright,
Detached, yet seeing all in lucid light.

As long as hearts still pulse, thoughts too shall flow,
Through countless turns their winding currents go.
To dam the mind's great stream is but a dream —
Yet stillness lives within the flowing stream.

[51] WE ARE ONE

The universe —
a mirror to the human gaze.
Each vision shows a part, not the whole,
of the cosmic truth.
Its true face lies hidden
In the vast, unfolding order of nature.

Amid the chorus of clashing voices,
One question rises — clear, undaunted:
What is the truth of oneness?

The truth of life is consciousness.
The truth of nature's law is harmony.
The truth humanity seeks is happiness.
The truth of humankind is brotherhood.
The truth of nations is a shared Earth.
The truth about people is that we are earthlings.
The truth of all religions is spiritual wisdom.

Let us see one of many,
and the many as one.
Let us become one,
as all are one —
transcending every line that human hands
have drawn:
ideologies, religions, nations —
Let them dissolve.

May we learn to live
in peace, in harmony, in joy,
as one family,
one home —

treating all the world as kin,
and holding the whole human race
Within the heart
of a single, sacred bond.

[52] A STATE OF PURE AWARENESS

The body flows — each movement all its own,
In rhythm, every part with quiet grace —
Yet only feeling finds the Self we've known.

The senses spark, but leave the heart alone,
While thoughts arise, devoid of soul's embrace.
The body flows — each movement all its own.

Too much, too little — both can chill the bone;
But breathing in balance leads to sacred space,
Where silent feeling finds the Self, we've known.

The weight of thought may turn the heart to stone,
Yet in still breath, we touch the boundless place.
The body flows — each movement all its own.

Through quiet calm, we hear the inward tone —
A witness freed from time and name and face,
Where silent feeling finds the Self, we've known.

Beyond the senses, mind's control outgrown,
We stand as one in pure, unmeasured grace.
The body flows — each movement all its own,
Where silent feeling finds the Self, we've known.

[53] COMPASSION

To lift the world, we first must feel
The ache behind another's pain —
Not as a burden hard to bear,
But warmth that softens every chain.

Compassion is no fleeting whim;
It's grace that lingers, quiet and deep —
The hand that holds, the heart that sees
A soul beneath what words may keep.

To love without a boundary drawn,
To mend with kindness, freely given —
This is the light that makes us whole,
That makes the wounded spirit risen.

See not with judgment, nor disguise,
But through the gaze that truth allows —
Each face a mirror of our own,
Each life a shared and sacred vow.

In every scar, a story shines,
In every tear, the self we hide —
To stretch beyond the self, we know
Is where compassion turns the tide.

And so, we rise by lifting all —
The stranger, the child, the ones we love;
In caring lies our greatest power,
A breath that lifts the world above.

[54] BEYOND THE HORIZON

I seek release from turning days,
from birth and death, from time's decree —
No more the dance of light and shade,
But flight into infinity.

Let me rise through boundless skies,
a flame, a breath, a whispered gleam —
drawn like longing's restless bee
toward the blossom past the dream.

I have known this world's embrace —
It's salt, its song, it's fleeting grace.
Now I call to what is veiled —
The Light behind all time and place.

Guide me through the fading veil,
where silence sings and thought grows still —
past the self that seeks to be,
to 'That' which was, beyond all will.

Lift me through the spine of flame —
past lotus-heart and crown of fire,
where even self and seeking end,
Within the hush of pure desire.

There, where form and name are none,
and joy is whole, unbound, unknown —
I shall rest where Brahman smiles,
and merge into the One alone.

[55] IN SILENCE SELF REVEALS ITS LIGHT

The body moves — a pulse divine,
Its rhythm draws a subtle line.

Each sense perceives a fleeting spark,
Yet mind keeps soul in thought's confine.

In breath held still, the Self draws near;
Between each breath, begins its shine.

Too much, too little — we are lost;
In balance lives the grand design.

The Witness stands, serene, apart —
Beyond all thought, both yours and mine.

In silence deep, the truth is shown,
Where none define, the Self is known.

So still the breath, let senses fall —
Behold the Seer, pure, benign.

[56] BEYOND WORDS

When speech grows thin and falters on the tongue,
We turn to signs, to symbols carved in air,
Where truth and tale are delicately strung,
And silence speaks what words can't quite declare.

We dress our thoughts in fable, song, and rhyme,
Yet meaning slips beneath the poet's thread;
For deeper truths outlive the bounds of time,
And bloom where all the spoken words have fled.

Before the voice, the glance, the touch, the tear
Revealed the soul in ways the mind can't trace.
No word can match the stillness drawing near
To that which moves beneath all form and face.

Let silence guide where speech may twist or stray —
The light within will show the clearer way.

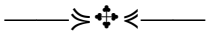
[57] THE PATH BEYOND PAIN

What binds the soul and burdens every breath?
It is the mind that paints both joy and strife,
Those dreams of peace while fearing loss and death,
And shapes our pain into the form of life.

Yet mind, observed, begins to lose its sway,
Its shifting tides no longer rule the sea.
We cleanse its storms, not throw the helm away,
And guide it toward the light of what shall be.

Beyond all grief, a deeper truth is known —
Not flesh nor thought, but Consciousness we are.
A boundless self, unshaken and alone,
That shines untouched, like one eternal star.

In this pure knowing, pain dissolves to peace —
The soul expands, and all divisions cease.



[58] WAKE UP, WORLD

The skies grow dim, the air is tight,
Where green once bloomed now fades from sight.
We breathe the fumes our hands have made,
And walk through worlds we've darkly laid.

Rivers weep with poisoned pain,
And even rain now falls in vain.
The soil is scarred, the roots run dry —
Yet still we turn a blind eye.

The oceans swell with rising grief,
Their song of life grows faint and brief.
The land lies mute beneath our tread,
Where once it thrived, it now lies dead.

The din of progress deafens all,
Where silence once would heal and call.
The Earth, now fevered, pleads for grace —
A tired, burning, breathless place.

Wake up, O world! The time is near
To turn from greed, to act, to hear.
Let leaders lead with hearts made wise,
And hope be born, beneath clear skies.

Bring back the green, the pulse, the blue —
For Earth, for life, for me, for you.

[59] THE VEILED FACE OF HIM

The sages saw, in silence vast and deep,
A Formless space where stars forgot to shine;
Where echoes fade and time itself may sleep,
And loneliness extends its shadowed line.

Yet in that hush, no true despair is found —
For Consciousness still weaves through void and flame.
It sings in stillness, pulses underground,
A boundless force, unmarked by form or name.

Though soul and cosmos drift in time's disguise,
They breathe as one, beyond all time and place.
To know this truth is where all sorrow dies —
And loneliness reveals its hidden face.

What seems alone, cold, distant, dim —
Is but the veiled, eternal face of Him.

[60] THE DEATH OF EGO

The ego stirs with whispered lies,
It casts its shade on inner skies,
And veils the truth from open eyes.

It builds a throne of fleeting pride,
A wall where love and light divide,
Where peace and joy no more abide.

Yet deep within, a silence glows,
A space untouched by highs and lows,
Where stillness speaks and being flows.

When ego falls and truth is clear,
The soul expands beyond all fear,
And finds the pulse of heaven near.

Let conscience lead, let pride be still —
Beyond the grasp of want and will,
Awaits a light no dark can kill.

The self dissolves, the world is one,
No need to chase, no need to run —
All merges with the timeless sun.

[61] THE SENSE OF PRESENCE

A wakeful whisper, the soul's trace,
Unseen, unheard — yet fills all space.
No eye can see, no hand can hold,
Yet deep within, its touch is bold.

Is it the mind's elusive flame,
Or worlds unknown that call our name?
Through veils of light, it gently streams —
A truth that stirs our silent dreams.

Not all that's real the senses show;
Much hides beneath their outward glow.
The mystic mind, serene and still,
Perceives what thought alone can't will.

And in that hush, a glimpse is given —
A hint of 'That', untouched by heaven.
It shifts the heart; it clears the frame —
In one pure spark, a cleansing flame.

This world we know by sight and sound,
Yet deeper truths are all around.
By grace or fate, a veil is torn —
Revealing realms where souls are born.

There, reason yields to silence vast,
Where future and present merge with past.
A fleeting touch of boundless grace —
One soul adrift through timeless space.

[62] ONE EARTH. ONE CHANCE.

The Earth, our gift so vast and bright,
A jewel aglow in morning light —
Yet greed can dim her gentle might.

We take too much, we waste, we burn,
And from her wounds, we seldom learn;
The skies grow still, the birds don't return.

When rivers dry and forests fall,
It breaks the bond we share with all —
With creatures great and voices small.

So let us care, be just and wise,
With open hearts and clearer eyes,
To see her worth beyond the skies.

With every right comes a duty too —
To guard the green, the clean, the true,
For future hands, for me and you.

Let rivers run, let forests grow,
Let every seed of kindness show —
To heal the Earth and let love flow.

[63] A NEW DAWN BEYOND THE ANCIENT CREED

The dawn now breaks beyond the ancient creed,
Where spirit soars, unbound by worn-out chains —
No longer veiled by faith's forgotten seed.

Old dogmas fade like whispers lost at sea,
As light outshines the doubt that long remains.
The dawn now breaks beyond the ancient creed.

Truth, once concealed by doctrine and by need,
Now stirs within, where silent depth sustains —
No longer veiled by faith's forgotten seed.

Through inward gaze, where soul and cosmos lead,
We find what lies beyond all sacred frames.
The dawn now breaks beyond the ancient creed.

No priest, no book, no rite can intercede,
When spirit speaks in free, unbounded strains —
No longer veiled by faith's forgotten seed.

Beyond belief, beyond what fear decreed,
The path unfolds, untouched by false domains.
The dawn now breaks beyond the ancient creed,
No longer veiled by faith's forgotten seed.

For what we seek, past names and creeds and creeds,
Is not confined by walls or ritual claims.
The dawn now breaks beyond the ancient creed —
Where truth is free, and only love remains.

[64] THE CALL OF ONENESS

When religion outgrows its ancient frame,
It sheds the walls that fostered blame;
Beyond belief, the Spirit flows —
To where the light of Oneness grows.

No temple gate, no robe, no rite
Can bind the soul to truth or light.
Each path may differ, yet all proclaim
That freedom and love are the same.

The voice within, both clear and still,
Knows truth beyond another's will.
Belief is choice, not chain or rule —
But freedom's ring, serene and full.

With reason bright and conscience wide,
We weigh the truths that others hide.
The future forms from how we choose —
To seek, to question, to refuse.

Let science and spirit intertwine,
To lift us past the old design.
Where ignorance fades and wisdom climbs,
We find the truth that fits all times.

Now comes the age to heal the breach,
Where Oneness is within our reach.
One world, one soul, one destiny —
Spiritual truth for all to see.

[65] DOES THE UNIVERSE EXIST?

Is the universe real, or shaped by our gaze?
A vision that flickers through thought's maze?
Does it thrive because we choose to see?
Or vanish in pure non-identity?

The sages whisper, "Without the mind,
No stars, no sky, no world to find."
What we call vast, eternal, true,
Is born through sight — both old and new.

The eye sweeps wide, yet sees in part,
While the mind draws borders on a cosmic chart.
We claim to know, but shadows hide
What lies beyond thought's rising tide?

See without naming, without a frame,
And the stars no longer play the same.
Form and void in silence blend —
A truth no story can pretend.

In glimpses rare, when mind grows still,
The world appears by its own will.
No longer caught in reason's snare,
It simply is — not here or there.

So let the eye, in silence, roam —
Beyond the known, beyond the known.
Then the universe and the self — align,
In sight unbound, in love divine.

[66] THE SILENCE OF SPACE

Beyond all things, a backdrop, vast and wide,
Unseen, eternal, always at our side.
No shape, no voice, no face to meet the gaze —
Just silence wrapped in endless, shifting haze.

It bends through time, through form, it does not stay,
A formless field where all dimensions play.
No edge, no end, no path, no resting place —
Just drifting dark where shadows leave no trace.

It cradles stars, and light, and matter's flight,
A dome unseen that frames the cosmic night.
Yet void of self, it neither clings nor calls,
An emptiness untouched by rise or fall.

From nothing born, to house infinity,
Space is the hush, at the heart of mystery.

[67] BELIEVE IN GOD, NOT RELIGION

In the beginning, there was only a thought,
An inkling of mystery, one truth sought.
God as an essence is neither idol nor name,
A presence, a feeling, a light without flame.

The universe is vast, its secrets concealed,
In silence, the wonder of truth is revealed.
No figure of worship, no image or stone,
But a cosmic consciousness, forever unknown.

For ages we've searched scripture and creed,
Yet the whispers of sages are all we need:
Feel God in the quiet, where spirit abides,
A temple within, where oneness resides.

Let religions divide, let beliefs fall apart,
But God, as a notion, remains in the heart.
To call it "Consciousness," boundless and free,
An echo of peace for humanity.

One day, this thought may fade like a rhyme,
Replaced by a truth more subtle, more prime.
Yet now, let us honor the path it has shown —
That God dwells in feeling, and we're not alone.

[68] MAY PEACE ILLUMINATE OUR PATH

When wisdom dims and darker thoughts arise,
And nations drift beneath deceiving skies,
Where once ran rivers clear, now shadows flow,
And silent cries are lost in winds that blow.

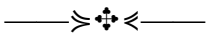
A subtle sign precedes the world's descent —
When reason falters, bent by blind intent,
The mind, confused, invites its own undoing,
And walks with pride the road of slow unruining.

Like moths that rush to flames they cannot see,
Drawn by a lure mistaken for the free,
They fall — though scorched, they never turn away,
Their end assured before the break of day.

But when the soul receives a higher light,
The world reclaims its meaning, clear and bright.
Though chaos reigns where falsehood takes its seat,
A noble heart can make the darkness sweet.

So let us cast aside all paths of hate,
And seek the truth before it is too late.
Let deeper vision guide our hands and breath —
From war, to peace; from blindness, back to depth.

Let peace arise, and truth become our guide,
That all may walk with love, and none divide.



[69] A REFLECTION OF THE INFINITE

The soul and body —
a bond like light and mirror,
One reveals, the other reflects,
Yet neither truly owns the glimmer.

Light graces the mirror's face,
but never dwells within its frame.
It flows from some unseen embrace,
a source beyond all name.

So too, the soul is not confined,
though it appears to live inside.
Its essence hails from realms untimed —
The boundless, where the truths abide.

As light takes form upon the glass,
the soul finds shape within the clay.
Yet neither holds what comes to pass;
Both yield and gently slip away.

When light is gone, the mirror stays,
awaiting dawn's return once more.
When body sleeps, the soul takes flight —
Homeward bound to spirit's shore.

[70] THE ARC OF HUMAN TRANSFORMATION

In medieval days, through sacred lore,
Religion ruled, and hearts it bore.
With chants and rites, hopes rose and soared —
Its power shaped the world's deep core.

Then science rose, its radiant flame
Lit modern minds and staked its claim.
With steam and steel, it carved its name,
Through restless quests and boundless aim.

Now dawns an age both vast and kind,
Where borders fade and hearts align.
No dogma's chain, no forge or mine,
But soul to soul, in truth divine.

The truth lies not in land or creed,
But in the spirit's silent seed —
To see the oneness all hearts need,
And plant love's pure and selfless deed.

The world is shaped by light within,
Where peace is born and wars grow thin.
The bonds of hate dissolve, worn thin —
And brighter days at last begin.

No conquests now, no throne or fight,
when unity becomes the bonding light.
We walk as one in truth's clear sight,
And rise to realms of boundless height.

[71] A SONG OF UNIVERSAL TRUTH

The universe unfolds its law,
A truth both wondrous, pure, and raw.
Though God remains beyond our sight,
His grace is felt in love and light.

In joy and sorrow, loss and birth,
A rhythm pulses through the earth.
To live is not to grasp control,
But yield in trust — a wiser soul.

Let knowledge light the path we tread,
And conscience guides where we are led.
For wisdom's flame, though calm and small,
Outshines the pride that tempts us all.

Beware the ego's golden chain —
It whispers falsehood, fans our pain.
To rise, we must release the weight,
And listen to the silent great.

Within us dwells a voice so clear,
A sacred pull we learn to hear.
It speaks of love, of right, of grace —
The inner God, no time can chase.

So, bless each breath, each dawn, each day,
And walk in peace the narrow way.
Let harmony through all things shine —
The world, the self, the soul divine.

[72] RINGING THE DEAD BELL

In whispers old, the end is told —
Through sacred tongues and prophets bold.
Each path foretells a time of strife,
Then light returns, renewing life.

The Jew awaits, Messiah's reign,
Where justice heals the exile's pain.
The Christian sees beyond the storm,
Salvation rises in radiant form.

Islam awaits both Mahdi's fight
And Isa's fall of falsehood's night.
While Hindus see in Kalki's flame
A dharmic world reborn from shame.

Buddhists foresee decay, then turn —
With Maitreya, lost truths return.
And science seeks the cosmic thread,
Through heat or cold or stars long dead.

Yet End Time speaks not just of doom,
But change that clears the heart of gloom.
A call to rise, to mend, to grow —
To plant the seeds of what we know.

So, ring the bell, and make the vow —
The time to act is here and now.
Let peace arise, let hatred cease,
And birth an age of truth and peace.

[73] IN SHADOWS DEEP, A CALL TO RISE

In shadows cast by hatred's flame,
The cries of loss bear none, to name.
Yet in the dark, a spark remains —
A hope to break these binding chains.

From twisted faith, the terror grows,
But love, united, brighter glows.
Let not old grudges feed the fire —
Let peace arise from true desire.

Each life that's lost, each silent plea,
Cries out for justice, dignity.
No creed or land can claim the right
To turn the day, to endless night.

Though walls divide by past and pride,
The heart of man beats side by side.
Together we must heal and mend —
This wounded world, its bitter end.

Let leaders rise with wiser grace,
To lift the world from war's embrace.
Not swords, but truth, must draw the line —
A peace enduring, just, divine.

Delay no more — let courage grow,
Let mercy guide the steps we know.
Through shared resolve and kindred aim,
The dawn of peace shall rise again.

[74] ECHOES OF WAR, PRAYERS FOR PEACE

The winds of conflict rise once more,
As pride and power shadow the shore.
Nations clash with a hardened stance,
And peace retreats from every chance.

Alliances strain, the borders shake,
While leaders play, the people break.
Technology, once meant to bind,
Now feeds the warpath of mankind.

Diplomacy falters, tensions grow,
One spark could set the world aglow.
In reckless pride, we tempt the flame,
Forgetting history's deadly shame.

But wisdom whispers from the past:
Choose peace, for war shall never last.
Let words be shields, not sharpened swords —
Let truth be stronger than the hordes.

Let prayers rise where guns fall mute,
And hearts with harmony take root.
May trees and skies, with gentle grace,
Bear messages the soul can trace.

O nations, hear this solemn plea:
Step back from brink and set us free.
Unite for life — let hatred cease —
And build a world upheld by peace.

[75] WAKE-UP CALL

Awake, humanity — let truth arise,
Beyond old creeds and borrowed lies.
The chains of faith, grown worn and tight,
Still blind the world to reason's light.

Why fear the voice that dares to ask?
Must questions wear a heretic's mask?
In this new age where knowledge grows,
Let open minds, not dogma, close.

The sacred texts of distant time
No longer suits the modern climb.
What once inspired now holds us back,
A rigid script on the progress track.

Floods will claim the heedless throng
Who follow a faith that's led them wrong.
Yet wisdom shields the ones who see —
That spirit thrives when thought is free.

Religion crumbles where truth is banned,
Yet freedom waits with outstretched hand.
To rise, we must release the past,
And plant a future built to last.

So, let us walk with purpose, clear,
With hearts that seek, not ruled by fear.
Reform the old, embrace the true —
A better world begins with you.

[76] FROM CHAOS TO COMPASSION

When chaos reigns and morals fade,
And greed parades in progress' shade,
Our comforts bloom, yet come with a cost —
In nature's wounds, much more is lost.

Screens flash with hatred, loud and bright,
While virtues vanish from our sight.
But even in this blinding glare,
The soul still seeks a breath of care.

Let tech — not lead us to despair,
But serve the good, the just, the fair.
If truth and love reclaim their place,
We still can heal the human race.

Old dogmas born of blood and pride
Must yield to truths they tried to hide.
For peace is more than mere refrain —
It blooms when hearts dissolve disdain.

Compassion stirs in silent hearts,
A quiet force that light imparts.
It calls us all to rise above
The storms of hate, with selfless love.

So, ask, are we the dark or light?
Will love or shadow win this fight?
The choice is ours, to fall or rise —
As stars of hope in human skies.

[77] THE CURSE OF HOLY EXTREMISM

In troubled times, when zealots fan the flame,
Religion twists, and terror stalks the land,
Extremist acts bring ruin, grief, and shame.

Beheading's scourge, a faith misused to maim,
Medieval minds in the digital age command,
In troubled times, when zealots fan the flame.

The State must rise, its steadfast will proclaim,
To foil the strife and take a noble stand,
Extremist acts bring ruin, grief, and shame.

A child's young heart, corrupted in faith's name,
Unlearns the love, a diverse world demand —
In troubled times, when zealots fan the flame.

No holy war is free of powers' claim —
Religious schemes by politics are planned,
Extremist acts bring ruin, grief, and shame.

New vision calls for faith beyond the blame,
Where dialogue and freedom heal the strand —
In troubled times, when zealots fan the flame,
Extremist acts bring ruin, grief, and shame.

[78] CUSTODIANS OF JUSTICE

Beneath the scales, the courts now stand,
A guardian's role in a trembling land.
Yet, questions arise in the public's gaze:
Can courts be perfect in all their ways?

Machines may tick with watertight grace,
But judges are bound to the human race.
Infallible they are not, we know,
Frailty and flaws, their wisdom may show.

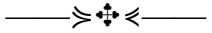
If politics meddle, or bribery stains,
The sanctity falters, justice wanes.
Yet courts must devise, with solemn care,
Self-correcting ways to stay pure and fair.

Contempt's shield held firm in righteous pride,
To keep justice clear, with nothing to hide.
For the rule of law, impartial and strong,
Knows no bias, it rights every wrong.

Should this pillar falter, equality dies,
And chaos may reign where order lies.
Without its grace, the people may fall,
For the law is the refuge that shelters us all.

Oh, India's courts, famed through the years,
With landmark judgments and bold frontiers.
From activism's fire to nationalism's need,
Stand tall, our guardians, in word and deed.

For too much blood has this land seen,
By betrayal's hand and traitors' schemes.
Let history's shadows not darken today,
Keep justice steadfast, come what may.



[79] THE BALANCING ACT OF STRESS

We groan beneath the daily grind,
Yet stillness fails to ease the mind.
Too much, too little — both oppress;
Where lies the gift within our stress?

A measured strain can light the flame,
To strive, create, and stake our claim.
But pressure stretched beyond its thread,
Will leave us worn or numb instead.

All work, no play, the spirit dries,
All play, no aim — ambition dies.
Stress, when balanced, sharpens will.
A force that drives yet keeps us still.

Children sigh with unseen fears,
Adolescents drown in borrowed careers.
The weight of dreams not truly their own
Leaves roots unformed and seeds unsown.

In chasing praise and fleeting fame,
We lose the soul behind the name.
But music, breath, and mindful art
Can mend the cracks within the heart.

So let stress serve, not rule the day —
A tool, not a chain, along our way.
With balance, purpose, and calm in stride,
Let strength and stillness walk beside.

[80] THE CONQUEST OF INDIA

A prophecy stirs in shadowed breath,
Foretelling war, and sowing death.
Yet India's light, serene, and wide,
Withstands the dark and turns the tide.

Where rivers chant and sages pray,
Her timeless soul shall never sway.
Though storms have scarred her sacred land,
She rises still, a flame unmanned.

Through ancient roots her spirit grows,
No blade can break what deeply flows.
The heart of Bharat, bold and vast,
Outlives all foes, outshines the past.

Let hate dissolve, let justice guide,
And stand as one, with fearless stride.
For truth and love, when rightly steeled,
Become the sword no lie can wield.

O fleeting storm, conquest dreams,
India is more than what it seems.
A radiant shore, her song shall soar,
Untouched, eternal, evermore.

So let the world take heed and see —
No force can shake what's meant to be.
Where dharma walks and spirits blend,
Her sacred flame shall know no end.

[81] A CALL FOR UNITY

Krishna, Buddha, prophets all,
Heard the cry of mankind's fall.
Jesus walked with love's embrace,
Mohammad shone with truth and grace.

Each bore trials, human pain,
Yet lit the world through loss and gain.
Their paths were many, hearts the same —
One truth in many a holy name.

Islam thrives where hearts are just,
With roots too deep to break or rust.
No book, no word, no act of scorn
Can shake what centuries have borne.

India stands, though torn by fate,
With faiths diverse but spirit great.
Hindus, Muslims, side by side,
In shared traditions long allied.

Let not the hate of radical cries
Distort the truth or feed on lies.
O leaders, rise with wisdom's voice —
In peace and unity, make your choice.

Though creeds may differ, love unites;
In kindness dwell the truest rites.
Let not the world pull hearts apart —
For unity is the nation's heart.

[82] A CALL FOR CLARITY

The Koran speaks, the Hadees flows,
Yet veils remain where wisdom grows.
Questions rise like morning light —
Why silence truth? Why fear the right?

When fatwas flare and voices fall,
And curiosity hits a wall,
Distrust takes root where dialogue dies,
And truth is lost in fearful lies.

If Sharia's word is strong and clear,
Why meet each doubt with wrath and fear?
Let learning bloom in the open air,
And minds engage with what is fair.

Teach the past with an honest tone,
Let ancient truths be fully known.
Expose the myths, release the mind,
And leave no sacred thought confined.

Where knowledge flows, the shadows lift,
And hearts may find a healing gift.
From many lands, one light may shine —
A shared pursuit of the divine.

If faith divides with hate and pride,
Let love and reason be our guide.
For only truth can pave the way
To peace that dawns in a brighter day.

[83] APPEAL TO THE MUSLIMS

O brethren of the crescent light,
Our roots are joined in shared birthright.
Though faiths may part like streams that flow,
We till the same earth, reap and sow.

Let elders speak with reasoned grace,
To calm the storms our hearts may face.
Not wrath, but dialogue must lead —
For peace is sown where minds are freed.

No fist, no flame, no shouted claim
Should burn the bonds we can reclaim.
The law must stand where tempers fail,
And justice rose, serene and pale.

Let not dark plots or voices grim
Tear limb from limb what once was kin.
Together, we can still defend
The dream our forebears dared to tend.

A common code, a nation whole,
With equal worth to every soul.
Let love, not dogma, guide the state —
Beyond all lines that separate.

In unity, let us believe —
Past caste and creed, past those who grieve.
Together still, we hold this land,
In hope, in peace, and hand in hand.

[84] SPACE TRAVEL

The wheel of time turns eternally fast,
Each age is reshaped by ages past.
Genes evolve with shifting needs,
As Earth-bound life adapts and breeds.

We gaze beyond to the starry seas,
Where countless worlds drift on the breeze.
Is Earth alone where life took flame,
While space stays silent, vast, and tame?

The planets stretch beyond all count,
Each a question, each a mount.
Could distant waters cradle breath,
Or hide strange life in silent depth?

Our fleeting years may fall too short
To make the stars our last resort.
Yet minds may birth what flesh cannot —
Machines to chase the dreams we've sought.

With caution lit by reason's spark,
Let not our quest turn blindly dark.
Though hope may travel far ahead,
Let wisdom walk where science treads.

One day, though we may cease to be,
Our thought-born kin will cross the sea.
And in their flight through cosmic night,
They'll carry forth our human light.

[85] THE ILLUSION OF ‘I’

The ‘I’ we name, a fleeting gleam,
A ripple lost in life’s vast stream.
No core, no self that stands alone —
Just threads of thought by senses sewn.

A mask we wear, a tale we spin,
Born of the world and shaped within.
Yet ego clings with stubborn might,
Obscuring truth, distorting light.

The body fades, the mind may stray,
But ‘I’ dissolves like mist at day.
A dream we chase, a role we play,
In time’s script, soon swept away.

Neither soul nor form can claim to be
The anchor of our identity.
We live, we strive, yet fail to see
That Self is but an elusive mystery.

Still, life invites a nobler climb —
Beyond mere need, beyond mere time.
To seek with care, to act with grace,
And find in stillness our truest place.

So, tame the storm, let silence guide,
Where falsehoods fall and truths abide.
For human birth, though brief and small,
Can touch the source that births it all.

[86] THE ILLUSION OF SELF

From space to wind, from fire to rain,
The senses stir, then sink again.
Earth lends the nose its fragrant grace—
Each element shapes time and place.

Within this frame, so light, so fleet,
Five streams converge, then loop, repeat:
Form, feeling, thought, and will are aligned,
With consciousness that threads the mind.

We say "I am," yet fail to see
This self is but a tapestry —
No central core, no fixed design,
Just woven strands of "me" and "mine."

We seek a soul, a lasting flame,
But find instead a shifting name.
The self we hold, so firm, so near,
Dissolves when gently seen is clear.

When thought grows still, veils descend,
The grasping self comes to its end.
What shines beneath, serene and wide,
Is boundless truth the forms can't hide.

No longer caught in name or face,
The Atma rests in silent grace.
It knows no two, no you, no me —
But only 'One', eternally.

[87] MEDITATION

To pay full heed is where it starts,
A timeless art of stilling hearts.
No gods, no chants, no temple's wall —
Just breath and silence, that is all.

Two selves arise, yet one is true:
One acts the part, the other views.
The witness waits with quiet grace,
While ego runs a restless race.

In stillness deep, the Self is seen,
Not void, but vast, serene, and keen.
No thought, no sleep — just pure insight,
A spark within, untouched by night.

To live the 'Now,' no past to mourn,
No grasping hand, no hate, no scorn.
Just love that flows a boundless sea,
That holds all life in unity.

The inner hum, the mystic sound,
The soul's song, so deep, profound —
It echoes where all borders cease,
A silent flame, a breath of peace.

Oh, meditation, sacred art,
The bridge between the mind and heart.
You guide us past the world's disguise,
To the truth that dwells behind the eyes.

[88] THE ETERNAL ASCENT

The cosmos forms a fleeting dance,
Where elements meet in fragile chance.
Yet deep within, a truth stands clear —
The form decays, the essence so near.

In every joy, in every pain,
We sense the bounds of nature's chain.
Life strives against decay's command,
A fire that will not lose its stand.

Fear walks with us from birth to end,
Yet so does will, our inner friend.
Through trials, we shape a brighter aim,
To rise beyond this mortal frame.

From cave to cloud, we stretch and climb,
Evolving through the dust of time.
With thought and skill, we break each bar,
And reach for truths beyond the star.

Mind and matter interlace,
In fields unseen, we find our place.
A surge within, a silent spark,
That drives us through the doubt and dark.

So, on we go, through strife and flame,
Seeking the light none yet can name.
Each step, a prayer, each leap, a sign —
Of the spirit's will to the divine

[89] THE DANCE OF LIFE

To think, to laugh, to dream, to feel —
The human gift, profound and real.
Yet life begins by random grace,
A fleeting spark in time and space.

From one made two, the cord is torn,
And longing wakes the day we're born.
We seek in wealth, in love, in fame,
Yet none can still the soul's deep flame.

The world spins games of loss and gain,
But nature dances, free of name.
Her truth flows on, both wild and wise,
Beyond our wants, beyond our ties.

So, shift your gaze, let go of the claim,
Embrace the flow, release the blame.
Each rise and fall, each joy, each strife,
Is but a step in sacred life.

All forms shall fade, all shapes must cease,
Yet in their end, we find our peace.
To breathe, to be — no grander theme,
Then, simply living out the dream.

From dust we rise, to dust we return,
Yet through the dance, the spirits burn.
In every breath, the light we chase —
The source of life, the silent grace.

[90] THE YES-MAN

Unsure within, he nods along,
To power's tune, both weak and wrong.
No courage stirs his silent frame,
Yet cunning earns him hollow fame.

With learning vast but spirit small,
He serves no truth, no cause at all.
A pawn in hands that pull the thread,
His mind is ruled, his will is dead.

From empires past, this role was cast,
A servant's soul from shadows vast.
The British crowned this timid breed,
To bow, obey, and never lead.

From ICS to modern guise,
The name may change, but not the lies.
Red tape binds thought, and still today,
The bold are kept too far away.

O, elders wise, now heed the call —
Let merit rise, and shadows fall.
Raise those who serve with heart and skill,
Not those who bend to power's will.

For India's dawn to truly gleam,
We must outgrow this stifling dream.
Let truth and talent light the land,
With fearless minds and a guiding hand.

[91] BE AWARE OF THE LAW OF KARMA

When virtues fade and values fall,
And shadows rise where light should call,
A warning sounds from ages old —
A tale of truth, both stark and bold.

When doom draws near, the mind will stray,
Perverse and lost, it veers away;
Discerning hearts no longer lead,
And chaos reigns in thought and deed.

As moths rush toward the fatal flame,
Unheeding still, though death lays claim,
So too, do minds, in folly tread,
Unmindful of the path they've led.

But noble thoughts, like healing streams,
Can stir the soul with brighter dreams.
Right thinking builds where wrong decays,
And fills the heart with joyful days.

So, plant the seeds of truth and grace —
They bloom to bless the human race.
What we have sown, we all shall reap,
For Karma stirs though we may sleep.

Let wisdom's flame dispel the night,
And guide all souls toward the right.

[92] THE LIGHT WITHIN

No dogma penned, no temple's lore
Can bind the soul or make it soar.
True spirit flows from deep inside —
A boundless truth none can divide.

Religion chants with borrowed breath,
And feeds on fear, and speaks of death.
But Spirit, silent, pure, and free,
Unites all hearts in unity.

Like musk that scents the silent deer,
Its fragrance rises, ever clear.
Not taught, not sold, not born of creed —
But lived through love, in thought and deed.

No priest, no book, no sacred name
Can match the inner, living flame.
Where self dissolves and peace is found,
And truth resounds without a sound.

So cast aside the chains of fear —
The path is now, the light is near.
Within your heart, the truth is spun:
We all are Spirit, all are One.

[93] DAWN OF THE CREEDLESS LIGHT

No dogma binds, no walls divide,
Just nature's law, a silent guide.
In love and light, the mystics see
The soul's truth — its pure unity.

The future calls with quiet grace,
Beyond all name, beyond all place.
Where hearts align and hatred dies,
And Oneness shines in human eyes.

Consciousness — our birthright flame,
Not bound by rite, nor clothed in name.
It beats within, both wild and wise,
The bliss under the stars and skies.

The many faiths all point to One,
A truth vaster than moon or sun.
Where peace is not a prayer, but known,
And love is life's unshaken tone.

So let us walk this path anew,
With open hearts, with purpose true.
A creedless faith, both deep and wide —
Where Spirit lives, and none divide.

[94] THE ILLUSION OF ENDINGS

The wheel of life turns, night to day,
Yet nothing is lost along the way.
Death and birth — a mirrored stream,
A waking thought, a passing dream.

The sun sets low, then climbs anew,
But hides no truth from deeper view.
Time's veil may shift, but all remains —
Beyond the mind, beyond its chains.

We cling to forms, to flesh and name,
Yet all returns to whence it came.
What seems to end is but disguise —
The soul untouched by lows or highs.

Space and time, our minds project,
A dance the senses can't detect.
When past and future fade from sight,
We find ourselves in changeless light.

The quantum pulse, the mystic's gaze,
Reveal a world not bound by days.
Where death is shadow, not the close —
All beings flow, and life forever glows.

So, fear not endings, nor the start —
Life is the breath of the boundless heart.
A symphony the stars still play,
Where nothing truly fades away.

[95] THE ETERNAL SOUL

From nature's call, a life takes form,
Then fades again, like passing storm.
Yet something deeper makes its flight —
A silent spark, a soul of light.

Not bound by flesh, nor caught in mind,
The soul is free, yet close aligned.
It joins the play of time and space,
Yet dwells beyond this fleeting place.

Like light upon a mirror cast,
Its source is deep, serene, and vast.
The body shows, the soul reflects,
But never breaks, nor disconnects.

Layered within, the truth is found —
Past senses sharp and thoughts unbound.
Beyond the breath, beyond the "I",
The soul observes, both low and high.

It rests unmoved, yet tunes the whole,
A thread that links us to the Soul.
Timeless, still, yet ever so near —
The core of life, serene and clear.

A drop within the boundless sea,
Yet one with all — eternally.
The witness self, forever whole —
The song of life, the deathless soul.

[96] BEYOND RELIGION, INTO LIGHT

A world unbound by creed or hate
Could blossom, wide, compassionate.
No holy wars, no sacred lies,
Hearts unchained beneath clear skies.

False doctrines fall, as truth takes flight,
A quiet flame, a guiding light.
Not born of dogma, fear, or pride,
But from the soul that burns inside.

Jihad and crusade, echoes grim,
Have stained the world with wrathful whim.
Yet spirit's voice, both calm and wide,
Can turn the tide, the hate divides.

Truth is not bound to book or shrine —
It lives in love, in thought divine.
It was before, and still shall be —
A lamp for all humanity.

Let ego fade, let passions still,
And see the world, with open, will.
Not "mine" or "thine," but one great whole,
Each life, a mirror of the soul.

So, walk the way that's truly yours,
Past fear-built walls and temple doors.
For when the spirit claims its ground,
A higher peace on Earth is found.

[97] AWAKEN TO THE HIGHER WAY

Born of stars with a spark divine,
We are Spirit by nature's design.
Yet creeds and egos cast their shade,
And dim the light the soul has made.

To silence deep we must return,
Where inner lamps of wisdom burn.
Beyond all dogma, thought, and name,
The soul stands free, untouched by blame.

Let body, mind, and spirit blend,
In harmony that knows no end.
For Nature's law and Dharma's song
Have guided truth and right all along.

The Vedas show four paths to grace —
Through thought, through love, through silent space,
Through selfless deeds that leave no scar —
Each path a light, each soul a star.

From beast to mind, we've climbed so far,
Yet veered from Nature's guiding star.
It's time to rise, to break the chain,
And find our truth in joy, not pain.

The call is clear, the hour is near:
Let oneness bloom and love appear.
Not bound by faith, nor ruled by might —
But lit within by Spirit's light.

[98] THE FUTURE'S CREED

No more the chains of holy names,
No wars disguised as sacred flames.
The time has come to clear the skies —
Let truth arise where dogma dies.

Each soul must walk a path alone,
No borrowed faith, no priestly throne.
Not fear, but wonder lights the way,
Where heart and reason gently sway.

No heaven dangled far above,
But life on Earth, lived with love.
No wrathful gods, no rules to dread —
Just spirit vast, in each soul spread.

We've worshipped books, fought through years,
Built temples, graves, and cried false tears.
Yet still the world cries out for peace —
For blind belief, to find release.

So let us build what fighting denied:
A world of thought, of truth applied.
Where love is law, and peace is seed —
This is our vow. This is our creed.

[99] A WORLD BEYOND BELIEFS

No body divine was meant to kill,
No sacred cause, no holy will.
Not beast nor man should die for pride —
Let love, not blood, be sanctified.

Religions promise skies of gold,
For acts of hate, their martyrs sold.
But what true God could ever bless
The path where mercy finds no rest?

Nations rise with flags and fight,
Claiming wrong beneath their right.
But borders drawn on shifting sand
Can't heal the wounds upon this land.

No child is born with hate or sword,
These are lies the world adored.
Taught to divide, we lose the grace.
That sees one light in every face.

Let books and creeds no longer bind
The higher truth we've yet to find.
The future calls for walls to fall —
One world, one soul, one love for all.

So, rise, humanity, break the chain —
No more to suffer, kill, or reign.
Let spirit guide, let peace increase —
A world reborn in truth and peace.

[100] THE SPIRITUAL SOUL

A spiritual soul, yet not without grace,
Seeks no gods in a sacred space.
No Atheist he, but a seeker of truth,
Unbound by dogma, in spiritual pursuit.

No holy books, his wisdom guide,
No priest, no mullah walks beside.
No beads or malas his hands adorn,
No chants or rituals, his faith is sworn.

No temples, mosques, or churches call,
No blind belief, no superstitions fall.
His path, his own, a trail unmade,
By his own light, his steps are laid.

He is his deity, his guru, his creed,
He writes his scripture by thought and deed.
In Nature's lap, his spirit ascends,
To realms where ego humbly bends.

His prayer: surrender to what must be,
His God – the Cosmic Mystery.
No name, no form, no bounded frame,
A timeless essence, forever the same.

For he who seeks with a heart sincere,
Finds truth within, both bright and clear.
A spiritual soul, yet deeply divine,
In cosmic Oneness, his spirit aligns.

[101] LEAP OF FAITH

The time has come — let truth arise,
Cast off beliefs' outworn disguise.
No more in dogma's chains confined,
Awaken now the seeking mind.

A creedless path, where all may tread,
No priest, no book to forge what's said.
The soul finds light through inner flame,
And lives beyond all faith or name.

Through self-effort, the veils fall thin,
The outer fades, the quest begins.
In silent depths, new truths are found,
Where wisdom walks on sacred ground.

No rites to bind, no gods to fear,
The call of truth rings bright and clear.
No heaven waits, no hell impends —
Just boundless life that never ends.

The ego dies, the self takes flight,
In boundless love and cosmic light.
The joy of being, pure and wide,
With spirit as the only guide.

So, rise, O soul, and boldly be
A seeker born to journey free.
In timeless grace and clarity,
Unfold your veiled divinity.

[102] IS GOD A FACT OR FICTION?

Some say God is always near,
Others doubt or live in fear.
Some stay quiet, some ask why —
All look up to the endless sky.

Is God real, or just a name?
A hopeful thought, a gentle flame?
To find the truth, we must be free,
To think, to feel, and truly see.

Through prayers, books, the search went on,
But still, the face of God was gone.
We shaped a form to ease our pain,
Yet questions in our hearts remain.

Religion once gave peace and light,
But now it often dims the sight.
It's time to grow, to break the wall,
And find the truth that lives in all.

Let spirit guide the way ahead,
Not fear of what the old books said.
No single path, no rule too tight —
Just love, and truth, and inner light.

So, walk with others, hand in hand,
And seek the truth across the land.
One spirit life in great and small —
The same deep light that shines in all.

[103] THE ORDER THAT IS

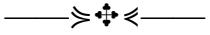
In silence deep, the cosmos turns,
Each star obeys, each atom learns.
No law is writ, yet all obey —
A truth that holds both night and day.

The soul, a spark in fields unseen,
Resounds in rhythms vast, serene.
In giving, taking, joy, and pain,
The self returns to self again.

No act is lost, no thought too small —
Each echoes through the cosmic hall.
Karma, not fate, but law applied —
The mirror where our truths abide.

From formless mind to structured shape,
From void to dream, no lone escape.
All motion flows from source to sea,
In the chains of pure necessity.

To live is not to drift or stray,
But walk the path the truths convey.
Not bound, but guided — wise and free,
By laws that are, and ever be.



[104] A VERSE FOR UNITY

Beware the shadows cast by fear's cruel hand,
As terror, zeal, and pride ignite the flame.
They mock the dream of one united land,
And tear apart the bonds that share a name.

Yet still, a brighter truth we must pursue,
The oneness etched within creation's lore.
Through strife, let peace arise, sincere and true,
A harmony that dwells at conflict's core.

No single war shall ever cease them all,
No sword will carve the path to endless calm.
But hearts united answer to the call,
Their song of concord heals every harm.

If not, together doomed we'll fade away —
Choose love and forge a brighter, boundless day.

[105] THE GOD WITHIN

Not in the stars, nor temple dome,
The truth we seek resides at home.
The Self, the Source — not two, but one,
Like flame and fire, like light and sun.

"Aham Brahmasmi" — clear and still,
The soul aligns with cosmic will.
No need to wander far or wide,
For Brahman breathes from deep inside.

The seer turns, and veils grow thin,
No outer quest, no trace of sin.
In every heart, in all we see —
Resounds the truth: "Tat Tvam Asi."

When ego fades and love begin,
The light of God awakens within.
To know this is to cease the roam —
The heart, at last, becomes the home.

[106] THE FACE REVEALS & EYES SPEAK

The face betrays the truths we strive to hide,
An index etched with thoughts we can't disguise,
The eyes are a mirror where the soul resides.

A fleeting smile unveils the joy inside,
A furrowed brow reveals where sorrow lies,
The face betrays the truths we strive to hide.

Through silent gestures, emotions coincide,
Unspoken depths reflected in our eyes,
The eyes are a mirror where the soul resides.

A steady gaze might cloak what fears abide,
Yet trembling glances bare what heart denies,
The face betrays the truths we strive to hide.

Bright eyes may sparkle with a hope undyed,
While vacant stares hint at dreams that time belies,
The eyes are a mirror where the soul resides.

Both face and eyes, in harmony, confide,
A silent hymn where all emotion ties:
The face betrays the truths we strive to hide,
The eyes are a mirror where the soul resides.

[107] THE UNIVERSAL MAN

From the depths of need, pain, and strife,
Man climbs the rungs of conscious life.
From self alone to kin and land,
His spirit grows, his visions expand.

The Selfish Man, in a narrow frame,
Pursues pleasure, wealth, and name.
Yet soon, through love, the heart extends —
The Family Man begins, ascends.

To serve the many, not just the few,
The Social Man comes into view.
He stands for justice, peace, and grace,
A steady light for time and place.

But highest still, the rarest kind,
Is he whose soul embraces mankind.
No race, no creed, no border drawn —
In every heart, he sees the One.

He dreams of a world where all are one,
Where love prevails and wrongs are none.
Where hate dissolves in harmony's light,
And nations rise in shared insight.

So, rise, O soul, and take your stand,
Let truth and kindness shape the land.
A better world is ours to make —
Awake, O Man, for all our sake.

[108] RELIGIONLESS, YET REVERENT

No creed he claims, no rite he keeps,
Yet in his soul, devotion sleeps.
Not godless, no — but deeply true,
He seeks the light in all he'll do.

No temple walls, no sacred text,
No rituals leave his spirit vexed.
He walks alone, yet not astray,
His heart the guide, his truth the way.

He bows to stars, to wind and tree,
To silence deep, and mystery.
In nature's hymn, he hears the call —
The One that dwells within us all.

No priest, no path, no borrowed name,
Yet burns within a steady flame.
No idols, fears, or blind commands —
Just wonder held in open hands.

He carves no gods from stone or lore,
Yet feels the sacred evermore.
In ego's fall and selfless deed,
He finds the truth all faiths concede.

A pilgrim through the great unknown,
Religion-less, yet not alone.
He is his scripture, pure and wide —
A reverent soul, the stars abide.

[109] WHEN SPIRIT AWAKENS

Beyond the rush of days and dust,
A deeper voice compels our trust —
Not in the world's ephemeral gleam,
But in the soul's enduring dream.

No temple high, no treasure bright
Outshines the heart's awakening light.
Where love uplifts and justice guides,
The sacred truth in silence bides.

Some kneel in prayer, some seek alone,
But all are drawn to what is One.
In stars, in breath, in inner skies,
The spirit stirs, the old self dies.

We rise from want, from narrow ways,
Toward compassion's fuller blaze.
The fractured self begins to see —
The whole is shared humanity.

Beware the masks that faith may wear,
When greed and pride pollute the air.
Let balance be our grounded grace,
As spirit moves through time and place.

For when the soul reclaims its role,
A quiet joy pervades the whole.
And in that dawn, so still, so wide,
The truth of being turns the tide.

[110] THE ECHO OF KARMA

Each act we do, each word we say,
Returns to meet us on our way.
No deed is lost, no thought is gone —
The law of karma carries on.

The past remains, though out of view,
Its seeds now bloom in all we do.
What once we chose now shapes our days —
A silent force through hidden ways.

No wealth, no guise, no spoken plea
Can bend this truth or set us free.
But right brings peace, and wrong brings pain,
Until the soul is clear again.

A sage once said: just serve and give,
Let go of gain, and purely live.
Where love is sown without demand,
There blossoms joy, serene and grand.

So, walk with care, and choose what's true —
In thought, in word, in all you do.
The path you shape is yours alone —
And karma carves it, stone by stone.

[111] STAND SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

Love, the mightiest power of all,
Must flow unbroken, in rise or fall.
Through every trial, every plight,
Let love endure, a guiding light.

The world divides into givers and takers,
Struggling paths of builders and breakers.
Yet strife, though stark, is but a stage,
Where hearts can heal, where peace can wage.

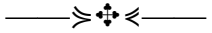
Harmony dawns when minds align,
When the giver and taker draw the line —
Not in discord, but in shared grace,
Unveiling Unity's sacred face.

For work is done, not torn apart,
By hands divided, or fractured hearts.
Nature teaches, with quiet ease,
The art of thriving, the joy of peace.

The grass grows tall, with no decree,
The fish glides swiftly in boundless sea.
The sun ascends, its light unchained,
And dreams unfold, by will unstained.

Let us, like nature, join as one,
Stronger together, like the moon and sun.
Through love, we build; through love, we bind,
A brighter world for humankind.

Shoulder to shoulder, let’s clear the way,
For unity's triumph to bloom and stay.
Together we rise, together we stand,
Crafting peace with heart and hand.



[112] WEALTH AND WISDOM

O money, fleeting flame with golden gleam,
You serve our needs, yet stir the soul's deep dream.
You ease our toil, yet birth desires anew —
A restless chase that clouds the inner view.

Coins may buy the bed where bodies lie,
But not the peace that calms the sleepless eye.
Riches amassed through fire and endless race
May steal the heart and dim the spirit's grace.

Two worlds divide — one feasts in blind excess,
The other hides in hunger and distress.
Let wealth flow free with kind and mindful hand,
To bridge the pain and heal a wounded land.

Beware the lure of things we do not need,
The hollow joy, the silent seed of greed.
True treasure lives not locked in vault or chest,
But in the soul, where higher truths find rest.

Let gold serve humbly, not become the throne —
Let truth and toil make every gain our own.
Frugal in step, yet rich in love and light,
We walk the path that turns the wrong to right.

So may we rise, with wisdom as our guide,
And sow our wealth where grace and truth abide.
In harmony let heart and fortune blend —
To shape a world that heals, uplifts, and mends.

[113] THE POWER OF LAUGHTER

In boundless space where stars reside,
Life flows without a map or guide.
A fleeting spark, a dance unknown,
No truth engraved in stone alone.

A cosmic jest, both wild and bright —
Absurd, yet filled with strange delight.
Through paradox our paths are spun,
A tale half-told beneath the sun.

But laughter glows, a healing fire,
It lifts us from the muck and mire.
It lightens grief, it softens strife,
And breathes new warmth into our life.

Its joy unites, its mirth restores,
It opens wide life's hidden doors.
A balm that soothes, a bond that stays,
It lights the soul in darkest days.

Though stars may mock and truths may bend,
Our laughter shapes the means, the end.
In jest we find a thread so fine —
That stitches pain with the divine.

So let us laugh while still we can,
And glimpse the dawn in dusk's dark span.
For in that spark — sincere and bright —
Life softly says, "You give me light."

[114] LAUGH — LIFE IS A JOKE

Contagious laughter spreads like morning's hue,
It's a joy to unite hearts, both old and new.
A sip of wine for souls — it makes them light,
Reviving spirits as the dawn breaks through.

Oh, laughter cures the ills that time bestows,
Through silvered hair, its gentle magic flows.
Let laughter be the melody of age,
A song of joy that every heart still knows.

Nature bestowed on us the gift of mirth,
A laugh that lifts the soul and proves its worth.
It heals the heart, dispels the clouds of strife,
A simple joy that brightens all the earth.

To laugh at life's small whims is rich and rare,
A balm that lifts the load we all must share.
This gift divine, so weightless yet profound,
Should in the soul's deep chamber still resound.

Life spins its jest where shadows softly poke,
Its meaning veiled beneath the cosmic cloak.
Embrace the play, let laughter lead your yoke,
For in the end, we find that life is a joke.

[115] A CALL BEYOND ALL CREEDS

Spiritual truth walks not through shrines,
Nor clings to books or holy signs.
It shines within, a silent flame,
Unknown to dogma, creed, or name.

Religion binds with fear and lore,
Yet leaves the spirit longing more.
In chants and chains, the soul is caught,
Where rituals reign but truth is not.

No gods above with thrones of might,
But self-aware, we seek the light.
Not myths, but mind — not fear, but grace —
Reveal the soul's true dwelling place.

The wars of faith, the wounds they sow,
Still haunt the world with ancient woe.
Yet peace may rise where myths release,
And hearts awaken into peace.

Let reason bloom, let spirit lead,
Beyond the bounds of race or creed.
No heaven feared, no hell to flee —
Just truth embraced in being free.

A dawn now breaks, serene and wide,
With ghosts of ages left aside.
Come, let us rise in thought made whole,
And build a faith born of the soul.

[116] MARRIAGE – THE SACRED THREAD

Society is shaped by bonds we weave,
By vows we honor, by truths we believe.
A promise made beneath the open skies,
Where love begins, and lifetimes harmonize.

"They're made in heaven," old voices repeat —
Unions formed where hopes and journeys meet.
Yet heaven veils its ways in soft disguise,
As life unfolds through tears and sweet surprise.

To last, love needs a sacred, tending space —
With trust and time, with patience, care, and grace.
Not fleeting sparks that flare and fade from sight,
But steady warmth, a soft, enduring light.

Though beauty fades and passions may grow still,
Love's truest form is born of deeper will.
It lifts the soul when all else falls away —
A lighthouse through the storms of night and day.

Let parting be a path not lightly known —
For children, roots where lasting love is shown.
Their joy depends on how we hold the thread,
Through darkest hours and words left unsaid.

So, honour what this sacred thread imparts —
A vow that binds not hands alone, but hearts.
For in its grace, humanity is blessed —
A home, a hope, a place to come and rest.

[117] WHO AM I? – THE QUEST DIVINE

This timeless call, both still and deep,
Awakes the soul from slumbered sleep.
Beyond all roles, beyond all name,
It seeks the self no time can claim.

Five veils we wear: the form, the breath,
The mind that dwells on life and death,
Then wisdom's light, and blissful space —
Each shed to glimpse the soul's true face.

From root to crown, a path ascends,
Where inward light and silence blend.
The self once lost in thought and strife
Now rises through the depths of life.

No title, praise, or fleeting fame
Can hold the one beyond all name.
In stillness, love, and selfless deed,
The boundless truth begins to lead.

The sages spoke, with voices bright:
"You are the flame, the source, the light."
Not bound by flesh, nor time, nor sky —
But one with all, and never 'I'.

So, walk the path, though shadows fall —
The seeker's step outshines them all.
For in the question, shines the sign:
Who am I? — The Quest Divine.

[118] THE HUMAN VEIL

Through human eyes, the world is cast —
A smile in skies, a voice in blast.
The sun may grin, the breezes speak,
And stones seem wise, and rivers meek.

In gods we draw familiar lines,
With human forms and grand designs.
But do they speak, or do we hear
Our own reflection, cloaked in fear?

We shape the soul with voice and face,
And gift the void a human grace.
Yet truth may lie beyond the guise,
Beyond the dreams that veil our eyes.

The lion roars, the eagle soars,
And myths walk through imagined doors.
From toys to stars, the mind projects —
A mirrored truth it half-corrects.

Now circuits think and voices chime —
New masks arise in modern time.
Yet still we ask, what lies beneath?
What sings beyond the mind's belief?

Lift up the veil, release the scheme —
Let silence answer thought and dream.
For only when our visions cease,
May truth unfold, in light and peace.

[119] THE ELUSIVE PATH TO PEACE

Across the lands where shadows lie,
War's echoes rise beneath the sky.
Yet still we dream, through fear and flame,
Of one world bound by hope, not blame.

Seven continents, diverse yet one —
Each with a light beneath the sun.
Asia's depth and Europe's scars,
Africa's strength and healing stars.

The Americas, bold in voice and stride,
Australia calm, Antarctica wide.
Together, stitched in purpose deep,
A vow for peace the world must keep.

Let trade and trust replace the sword,
And shared resolve be truth restored.
Let nations rise with hands entwined,
To serve one fate, one humankind.

Though pride may wound, and pasts divide,
Let justice walk where hate can't hide.
For even dreams, when forged in fire,
Can lift the world to something higher.

So, rise we must, in thought and deed,
To plant the root, to sow the seed —
For peace may bloom, if hearts align,
And dare to cross the great divide.

[120] WHERE SPIRIT WEDS THE WORLD

A journey dawns where vain desires subside,
Beyond the lure of things, we once applied.
From gilded chains, the soul at last breaks free,
To sound the depths of life's vast mystery.

A realm of virtue rises, calm and clear,
Where love is law, and truth is ever near.
Compassion flows through each awakened heart,
And wisdom sings its slow, ascending art.

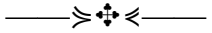
Some seek the Light in silent, whispered prayer,
While others find it riding breath and air;
Others still reach the peaks of conscious mind,
To realms where time and form are left behind.

Yet questions stir — so haunting, deep, and wide,
Of earthly pain that progress casts aside.
What of the cries that rise from soil and sea,
If the inward gaze forgets humanity?

The path within, though sacred and profound,
May lose its light where dogmas obscure the ground.
But when attuned to life's harmonious flame,
It heals the breach and mends the broken name.

O humankind, upon the edge you stand
Of something vast, both tender and yet grand.
Dare not retreat, but weave through night and strife
The thread of spirit with the cloth of life.

For in that blend, a brighter dawn shall rise,
Where earth and heaven meet in human eyes.
The true ascent, not fleeing but embraced,
Uplifts the world where sacred truths are placed.



[121] A TALE OF TWO REALMS

From forest hush to city's crowded hum,
The human voice has ever softly come.
Before our birth, its rhythm stirred the air —
A mother's pulse, a bond beyond compare.

Then came the script — a conscious, crafted art,
Where silent words still speak from heart to heart.
On pages pressed, in symbols finely laid,
The soul of thought in quiet truth has stayed.

Now sound and screen rise swift and bright,
With moving tales and voices taking flight.
We hear, we watch, as stories sweep us by —
A fleeting stream beneath a restless sky.

Yet books remain, serene and deep and wise,
A place where thought in stillness gently lies.
To read is to reflect, to sit, to see —
The self — unfolds in silent clarity.

Let podcasts sing and stories grace the air,
While printed lines in quietude still dare.
No one must fall for one to rise —
Each form a gift, a light, a different prize.

So, hold them both — the spoken and the penned,
Where truth and tale in harmony extend.
For sound or script, each voice and page
Keeps lit the flame of thought from age to age.

[122] THE PATH OF THE SEER

Be fearless, like the lion's tread —
Unshaken, bold, by nothing led.

Be like the wind —
That clings to none,
Yet moves with grace
From sun to sun.

Be like the lotus — pure, serene,
Untouched, where mud and mire have been.

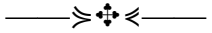
Wander alone, like the lone-born rhino,
At peace in paths where few may go.

Alone we come, alone depart,
And joy resides in the detached heart.

Be like the depths, where silence keeps —
And waves do not disturb the deeps.
Be still —
Unshaken by both gain and loss,
By praise or blame, or thorn or gloss.
By pleasure's smile, or sorrow's sting —
Stay free beneath all suffering.

See all arise and all decline,
Not as a shadow bound by time,

But as a seer, calm and wise,
With an open heart and sunlit eyes.
No victim to the world's decree —
But witness, sovereign, whole, and free.



[123] TO THE VICTIMS OF TERRORISM

This is for the silent ones —
The brave, the fallen, the forgotten sons,
Felled by zealots' blinding rage,
Their lives torn from history's page.

They stood where superstition reigned,
Where dogma ruled and freedom waned.
Against false gods and holy lies,
They rose, though truth would cost their lives.

Will chains of faith yet break apart?
Can wisdom mend the wounded heart?
Must prophets rise while empires fall,
And blood be spilled to prove the call?

Still temples burn, and bombs descend —
Yet hope and courage do not bend.
Let us recall those souls who gave
Their lives to free, not to enslave.

The world needs spirituality, not a creed —
Not relics bound to hate and greed.
Though dogmas fade and thrones may fall,
The light of truth outshines them all.

So let a brighter dawn arise,
Beyond all names, beyond all ties.
Where every soul walks unconfined,
To seek its truth and know the divine.

[124] LOVE'S POWER UNITES US ALL

In realms where purest love holds sway,
It melts the darkest clouds away;
It soothes each heart,
Through healing art,
And turns despair to light of day.

Among the givers and the bold,
Whose passions rise like flames uncontrolled,
With empathy's grace,
They still embrace,
And turn division into gold.

In Nature's dance of sea and tree,
Where waves and branches move in glee,
The fish glide light,
The birds take flight —
All life flows on in harmony.

With love and joy and radiant light,
We rise above each creeping plight.
In hand and heart,
We play our part —
And turn our trials into might.

So let us stand as one, sincere,
Uplifting all we hold most dear.
In bonds that grow,
Through all we know,
Love leads us through, from year to year.

[125] TIMELESS FLAME, ENDLESS WAY

Not in the books of ages past,
Nor dogmas shaped to hold us fast —
The soul's true light, serene and wide,
Dwells far beyond all faith and pride.

The seeker walks a quiet road,
Not bound by rites or sacred code.
No fearful creed, no wrathful lore —
Just truth that waits at wisdom's door.

Religion veils with myth and fear,
While silence speaks to hearts sincere.
Beyond all gods that men design,
Awareness wakes — a flame divine.

No chains to bear, no prayers to feign,
No heavens bought by guilt or pain.
But mind and soul in freedom rise,
To meet the self beyond the skies.

A human birth — a gift to grow,
Not bow to thrones of long ago.
Through reason's torch and spirit's grace,
We find the truth no books replace.

So let old walls now fall away —
A brighter dawn, a clearer way.
Where love and wisdom light the soul,
And make the broken human whole.

[126] A WORLD WITH NO RELIGIONS

In a realm where dogmas fade,
And temples crumble, lost in shade,
The faithful seek a different light,
Beyond the creeds that bind so tight.

No altars rise, no prayers resound,
Yet kindness spreads, hearts newly found.
For in this realm of tranquil calm,
Compassion blooms like a healing balm.

No prophets' words, no scrolls confined,
Yet, empathy links all humankind.
The sacred tales of love and grace,
Etched on faces, each a sacred space.

No rituals bind, no holy maze,
Yet every moment sings its praise.
The sun dance, the raindrops play,
And laughter fills each fleeting day.

A world unburdened, souls set free,
Where love's the creed that makes us see.
No need for temples, dogmas, or creeds,
Just open your hearts and boundless deeds.

[127] THE SCALING SPIRIT

Spiritual truth wears no disguise,
It dwells beyond all sacred lies.
Not found in chants or temple walls,
But in the heart, when silence calls.

Each soul must walk its path alone,
No priestly hand, no sacred stone.
No creed can light the inner flame —
Only the self can name the name.

Let reason rise, let fear be gone,
No wrathful gods to lean upon.
The truth begins when myths decay,
And love, not law, becomes the way.

No heaven waits, no hell pursues —
Just life itself and how we choose.
The sacred lives in thought and deed,
In kindness sown, in conscience freed.

We've knelt too long to blood-stained lore,
While war was waged in God's metaphor.
But now the spirit climbs anew,
Unchained, awake, and seeing true.

So, break the chains of borrowed pain,
Let truth, not terror, rule the plain.
A warless world, where minds are free —
This is the faith of humanity.

[128] WORDS AND FEELINGS

The written word is but a mark on page,
The spoken breath soon fades and slips from stage.
Though born of man through time and changing tongue,
True feeling flows from depths where none have sung.

A silence lives between the heart and speech,
No crafted phrase its tender core can reach.
Though language tries, it veils what lies within —
The soul speaks soft where words would wear too thin.

Our minds may frame, compare, and represent,
But cannot grasp the whole by mere intent.
Like counting seeds, we miss the living tree,
In seeking silk from flame, we cease to see.

The Cosmic Mind, serene and vast and still,
Speaks not in voice, nor bends to human will.
It breathes through wind, through stars, through ocean's tide —
Where speech must fall, its truths in silence bide.

To find what lies beyond the book or creed,
We walk alone, as only seekers need.
What fits the wolf may fail the timid sheep —
So choose your truth, and plant it strong and deep.

Let silence share what words may not convey,
And feel the light that thought can't hold or say.

[129] THE RIDDLE OF LIFE AND DEATH

We chase the gold, yet none shall take it far —
No wealth can follow where the endings are.
Still, greed compels, and truth we cast aside,
The thief and tricked both walk side by side.

From child to dust, the stages come and go,
A fleeting arc, a breath we barely know.
Yet none arrive — no end, no final gate,
Just endless roads that twist and dissipate.

O Death, the keeper of the in-between,
What lies beyond remains forever unseen.
Do we return, or never truly part?
Are we the cosmos breathing through one heart?

Life and death are masks the soul must wear,
Like tides that rise, then vanish into air.
The seer knows: what's born is not the core —
The Self was never less, nor ever more.

This form dissolves, yet nothing truly dies,
All matter sings in light that never lies.
As sages spoke and physics now confirms,
Energy lives through ever-shifting terms.

If we but wake the light that lies within,
Let love arise and cleanse us from all sin.
Then truth and grace may guide our mortal breath,
And peace shall bloom beyond both life and death.

[130] MATERIALISM AND SPIRITUALITY

We chase the world, its wealth, its fleeting fame,
Yet lose the soul while playing ego's game.
Desire burns with ever-hungry flame,
And leaves behind sorrow, guilt, and shame.

This age exalts the rich, the bold, the loud,
While inner light lies buried in the crowd.
We hoard and crave, yet find no lasting peace —
The more we grasp, the more our joys decrease.

Wealth has its place, must not rule the soul.
Nor blind the heart from seeking what is whole.
True strength is not in owning, but in grace —
To rise above, and still the frantic race.

The mind, misled, can bind us with its cries —
Yet deep within, a quiet power lies.
Through calm and thought, we cleanse the inward view,
And live by light the outer world once knew.

Contentment is the jewel we overlook,
Not found in vault, nor ledgers, nor book.
It rests within — a flame serene and kind,
A truth the restless rarely stop to find.

So let us live with balance as our way,
Let spirit speak where gold has naught to say.
Amid the noise, choose stillness, soft and true —
And let the higher-self come into view.

[131] RELIGION AND STATECRAFT

The creed of faith and craft of ruling hands
In concord lie, as time, and truth withstands.
The State, in need of tools to wield its might,
Enlists religion, cloaked in sacred light.

Beliefs in God, in judgment yet to be,
Assuage the poor with dreams of destiny.
"Thy pain," they're told, "is but the will Divine,
A karmic debt from lives you can't define."

Thus, priests and pundits, mullahs in accord,
Ordain the meek to suffer and endure.
While those who rule — the wealthy, shrewd, and few —
Escape the blame through veils of holy view.

They fund the powers rising to the helm,
And rule by proxy o'er the nation's realm.
With holy texts and dogmas binding chain,
They guard their seat and pacify the pain.

The zealot's fire of rage, control, and creed —
Is mirrored in the statesmen's art of lead.
For parties, red or blue, in any land,
Employ the same coercive, guiding hand.

No State will nourish doubt or inner flame,
For atheists and seers aren't theirs to tame.
Even the red flag, once devoutly bare,
Now lifts the cross and crescent in the air.

[132] HATRED

The mind begins all thought and every deed —
From it arise both cruelty and need.
So, train the mind to rise, not burn or break,
And choose the path that love and truth awake.

We feed on hate, then wonder why we fall,
As pride and anger cast their shadow tall.
Yet deep within, a brighter flame remains —
To cleanse the heart and free it from its chains.

Our karma grows from all we think and do,
So let our thoughts be just, our actions true.
No peace can bloom where minds are ruled by spite —
But virtue thrives where conscience walks in light.

When leaders chase their power, blind and vain,
They draw the world to suffering and pain.
But when the wise and worthy take the helm,
They steer with grace and justice through the realm.

This age demands not war, but reason's rise —
New visions drawn beneath expanding skies.
Let old resentments die their final breath,
And let us choose a world that walks from death.

So cast aside the sword, the chain, the feud —
And let a gentler spirit be renewed.
For only love can cleanse the wounds we've made,
And build the dawn where hatred's ghosts shall fade.

[133] THE ROOTS OF MORALITY

Morality walks on steady ground,
Not bound by shrine, nor chant, nor sound.
It blooms from reason, heart, and will —
A quiet flame, serene and still.

Though scriptures claim to light the way,
Their truths are shaped from human clay.
For even gods, in ancient lore,
At times have strayed from what we swore.

If creeds can call for fire and sword,
Can such be named the moral word?
No dogma pure, however bright,
Excuses wrong or masks the night.

True ethics rise from self-aware
Compassion, justice, thought, and care.
They do not need reward or wrath —
Just conscience as the guiding path.

To live by truth, by grace, by mind,
Is not to leave the soul behind.
One need not kneel to live upright,
For goodness stands in its light.

Let morals flow from deep within,
Unshaped by fear or bound by sin.
Then faith and reason, hand in hand,
May lift the world to a wiser land.

[134] LOVE – THE SPIRITUAL FLAME

No joy ascends as high above
As soul's deep cry for selfless love.
It flows in silence, pure and bright,
And leads the heart to conscious light.

When love takes root, the self dissolves,
And round the soul, the world revolves.
It lifts us past all form and name —
A boundless, tender, sacred flame.

No longer "I," no longer "you,"
Just One remains — serene and true.
In love, the veils of ego fall,
And soul meets soul beyond the all.

Love speaks not loud, but in the still,
It moves the heart; it shapes the will.
Not begged or bought, nor worn in pride —
It blooms from peace and dwells inside.

The sages knew, and scriptures say:
Love and the Divine are one pure ray.
When love infuses all we do,
The karmic path shines clear and true.

Let not blind faith or hatred reign —
They leave the world in grief and pain.
But love, when lived, shall heal and bless —
Our one true hope for happiness.

[135] ECHOES OF A GLOBAL DHARMA

Truth flows not from one voice alone,
Nor stands on creed or sculpted stone.
It walks with time, it learns and grows,
And in each heart, its wisdom shows.

No race, nor faith, nor flag, nor pride
Should turn the soul from love aside.
The world has bled from zealot creeds —
Let kindness rise through gentle deeds.

Let every path to Spirit shine,
No wall divides the soul divine.
The earth beneath our feet is one —
Its dream of peace has not begun.

Twice has the world, in wrath and flame,
Forgotten love and lost its name.
Yet from the ash, a truth appeared:
That hope remains when hearts are cleared.

If one grows cold, let others care —
And lift the fallen with what's fair.
Let justice reign and hatred cease,
And hands unite in lasting peace.

O world, awake — let borders fall,
For love alone must rule us all.
Then echoing through time shall be:
"The world is one family."

[136] HIGHER KNOWLEDGE, LOWER VEILS

What is that ‘One’, by knowing which,
All else is known? — the sages' pitch.
Unseen, untouched, yet always near,
It moves all things, yet shows no gear.

As fire gives rise to sparks of flame,
From ‘That’ arise all forms and name.
Like a thread from a spider, a leaf from the land,
The world unfolds by subtle hand.

It is the Self — both far and near,
Beyond all thought, yet always here.
No breath it takes, no mind it knows,
Yet in each heart, its presence glows.

In silent depths where ego dies,
The Seer lives with inward eyes.
Not bound by creed, nor shaped by rite,
But known within as truth and light.

One’s path is not by dogmas drawn,
But by the soul’s light at dawn.
To walk in truth, to live one’s role,
Is Dharma’s call and wisdom’s goal.

So, turn within, O minds that seek —
The Source is neither strong nor weak.
Let Higher Knowledge light the way,
Beyond the night, into the day.

[137] RENUNCIATION

Each day we see the silent dead,
Yet think we'll walk where none have tread.
We live as if time stands aside,
And death's great hush we can outride.

Graves surround like shadowed clocks,
Yet still we build our golden locks.
The soul, when stirred by truth's embrace,
Begins to seek a deeper place.

This dust we cherish, name, and own,
Returns to dust — not flesh, not bone.
All pride dissolves, all titles fade,
As silence claims what self has made.

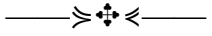
Renunciation comes uncalled —
Not by vow, nor temple walled.
It blooms when Self and truth align,
A flame within, serene, divine.

To leave the world is not to flee,
But dwell in it, yet still be free.
No grasping hand, no claiming mind —
Just peace that leaves all chains behind.

Detach not coldly, nor in shame —
But gently drop the self-made name.
Behold, be still, let longing cease —
And feel the birth of inner peace.

The witness watches rise and fall,
Unmoved beneath life's changing call.
Not born, not gone — the Self remains,
Beyond all loss, beyond all gains.

So let the final pages turn,
With no regret, with no concern.
For when the self-made self is gone,
The truth is known — and One lives on.



[138] THE POWER OF SILENCE

Unable to bear the scorn of men,
He sought retreat and asked again:
"They mock me, wound me with their breath —
Shall I depart, escape their wrath?"

The sage spoke with tranquil grace,
"No peace is found in changing place.
If taunts are pursued from town to town,
What use to flee, or lay them down?"

"The world may jeer, the world may cry,
But silence stands when self walks by.
Their words, like echoes, fade and cease,
When we respond with inner peace."

"Be still within, let tempests pass —
No storm can shake the rooted grass.
To hold your calm through noise and blame,
Is not to lose, but to win the game."

"For mocking tongues grow tired and weak,
While truth is patient, firm, and meek.
The one who holds his peace entire,
Outlasts the wind, survives the fire."

So, wisdom bloomed in quiet air,
A strength that needed none to spare.
And in that calm, beyond all cries,
He saw where true endurance lies.

[139] BEYOND THE REACH OF WORDS

The seeker walks with empty hands,
Beyond the rites, beyond all lands.
No map can mark the path to grace —
It hides behind both time and place.

Truth wears no shape, no voice, no name,
No thought can grasp its silent flame.
It slips through reason's finest net,
A mystery mind cannot beget.

Where logic halts and speech must end,
The soul begins its arc to bend.
Not upward, outward, but within —
Where silence strips the self of skin.

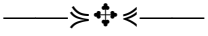
Can form-bound eyes the formless trace?
Can the mind confine the boundless space?
All creeds and books may gesture wide,
But miss the truth they mean to guide.

The sages knew the nameless fire,
That burns beyond all known desire.
It is the "Nothing" holding all —
A silent pulse, a primal call.

To taste the void, release the will,
Be still as stone, yet deeply still.
For only when the "I" is gone,
The flame ignites, the truth lives on.

No temple dome, no priestly art
Can bind what blooms in a broken heart.
It lives where all pretenses cease —
In wordless love and fearless peace.

So, drop the scroll, unlearn the way,
Let silence teach what none can say.
The truth we seek is not profound —
It is the Unseen, Unsaid, Unbound.



[140] THE SILENT LOOM OF BEING

Formless — O mystery veiled in light,
Beyond the reach of sense and sight,
Where thought dissolves and names decay,
Thou art the womb from which all play.
No shape confines Thy silent will,
Yet all that moves Thy breath doth fill.
Creation stirs from boundless ground,
Where neither edge nor end is found.

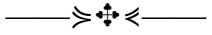
Infinite — Thy span unknown,
Where all dimensions are un-drown.
No start nor end, no height, no base,
A timeless dance in endless space.
Mathematic mind and seer's gaze
Have peered into Thy ageless maze,
Yet still Thou sing in silent hymn,
A truth beyond the scholar's whim.

Nothingness — Thou paradox rare,
The fertile void, the cosmic lair.
In absence dwells the seed of all,
In hollow halls, the devas call.
Sunyata's breath, unclad, unseen,
Connects what is with what has been.
Not void of truth, but truth unshown,
Where Self dissolves and stands alone.

These threads — formless, infinite, bare —
Entwine within the yogi's stare.
The formless births, the vast unbound,

Where no beginning may be found.
And nothingness, with silence crowned,
Reveals the One in all around.

In stillness deep, where sages tread,
Beyond all life, beyond the dead,
Awakens 'That' which none can claim —
Unborn, unmade, yet ever the same.
The silent loom where cosmos sways,
The Self that dreams the world and stays.



[141] WHERE “I” DISSOLVES, THE SELF SHINES

The “I” dissolved in silent flame,
No face, no past, no voice, no name.
The veil grew thin, and through the haze,
The Self emerged in boundless blaze.

The trees, the winds, the stars, the sea —
All whispered: “You are not, but We.”
No edge remained, no claim, no wall —
Just ‘Being’s’ hush that holds it all.

The doer slept, the deed was done,
By no one, yet beneath no sun.
A light that casts no form or sound,
Still walks where time is never found.

No seeking left, no prize to hold,
No robes, no rites, no myths of old.
Just presence, still — a flame, a breath,
That dances free through life and death.

O seeker, step beyond the skin —
The sky awaits the truth within.
In losing all, in letting go,
You are the fire the sages know.

[142] THE STRENGTH TO DO NO HARM

It holds no sword, it builds no wall,
Yet answers rage with no one's fall.
Not fear, not flight, nor soft disguise —
But will that meet the world with eyes?

It does not bow, it does not break,
Yet it will not cause a soul to ache.
To stand in fire and not strike back —
This is a power none may lack.

It lives in hearts that choose to stay,
When hatred begs to burn or slay.
To stop the blow before it's thrown —
To still the storm and stand alone.

This is no weak or trembling path —
It walks through grief; it bears the wrath.
And when the crowd cries out in pain,
It walks away — yet not in vain.

For every war that didn't start,
It was first defused within a heart.
And those who choose the harder stand,
Hold more than weapons ever can.

[143] ETERNAL RIVER, BOUNDLESS FLAME

Before the dawn, in silence deep,
Where stars would stir and stillness sleep,
A breath was born, a truth unnamed —
The spark of life, the boundless flame.

They saw the Self in tree and stone,
In wind, in fire, in ash, unknown.
The rivers taught; the skies would pray —
And night gave birth to Veda's way.

The seers of sound, in forest shade,
With the mantra's voice, the silence swayed.
They spoke of One in rise and fall —
The boundless bound within us all.

The Self and Source in oneness burned,
As the wheel of life and truth was turned.
In Rama's path, in Krishna's lore,
The soul found light forevermore.

Though empires came and idols changed,
The inner flame was unestranged.
It lived through time, untouched by strife —
The soul of Dharma, the breath of life.

It calls us still, through form and name,
Beyond all guises, gods, and fame.
To seek within the silent stream —
The timeless truth, the deathless dream.

[144] NETI, NETI

Lo! Many a form the wandering Seeker knew,
From Flame to Flesh, from Sky to a drop of Dew —
But all were Masks upon the Face of None,
He passed them by and whispered, "Not the True."

The Stars he questioned in their stately flight,
The Wind that sang through caverns of the Night —
Each answered back in Beauty, but in Vain —
He turned away and vanished from their Light.

What Voice is this that sings, then slips away?
What Shape endures beneath the Dance of Clay?
He traced the Path through Silence, Word, and Breath,
And cast them off like robes at break of Day.

"Not this," he said, "nor that, nor these I be —
Not flesh, nor flame, nor star-born alchemy.
All forms shall fade into the boundless sea —
The Self alone stands veiled in mystery."

The Veda spoke, and the Upanishads grew still,
Their Wisdom flowed, then yielded up their Will.
For who can hold the Formless in a Verse? —
The Cup breaks empty, having drunk its Fill.

Then all grew quiet, even thoughts took leave.
The Soul, alone, no longer must believe.
What was, and was not, gently fell apart —
The Self awoke, and God began to breathe.

[145] THREADS OF KARMA, WINGS OF WILL

Is life a script the stars compose?
Or paths we choose as selfhood grows?
Are we mere echoes in the breeze,
Or minds that move with inner keys?

The sages taught that acts have weight —
Each choice a seed, each step a fate.
Yet in that weave of cause and law,
The soul retains a shaping draw.

There is a witness, still and clear,
Unmoved by joy, untouched by fear.
Though life may whirl in karmic spin,
A light endures, serene within.

Science maps the brain's intent,
But not the Self, omnipresent.
For deep within the quantum play,
Both will and wonder find their way.

Conditioned minds may still ascend —
The bound can act, the course can bend.
The lotus, though in mud it grows,
Unfolds in light, the spirit knows.

So, walk the path with mindful grace —
The stars may shine, but don't displace.
The soul is free to rise or fall —
The thread is thin, but holds us all.

[146] THE FLAME WITHIN

Who am I? — The question burns,
Beyond the names the world returns.
Not role, nor thought, nor fleeting face,
But something vast — a silent space.

A voice within, so still, so clear,
Speaks past the noise we often hear.
It draws us through the veils of mind,
To truths the surface cannot find.

Through layers deep of breath and bone,
Of thought and self, we call our own —
We reach a light, untouched by fate,
That waits in stillness, calm and great.

The power sleeps in depths concealed,
Until, with care, it is revealed.
Not conquered, but by grace set free —
A flame that climbs the inward tree.

This path is fire, it strips away
The masks we wear, the games we play.
It leads beyond all shape and name,
To that which was, before we came.

So, ask again with an open mind —
The truth is not so hard to find.
For in each breath, a doorway glows:
The flame within — it always knows.

[147] NAMASTE – A BOW TO THE DIVINE

Namaste — a whisper, serene and true,
A bow from the soul, from me unto you.
Not to the name, nor the form we wear,
But to the Self that is quietly there.

With hands together and heart aligned,
It speaks of a bond where all souls bind.
No words are needed, no power or fame —
Just soul greeting soul beyond title or name.

More than a greeting, more than a sign,
It bridges the space where spirits align.
A breath from the past, a thread through the years,
Still flowing through silence, joy, and tears.

In bowing, we soften the edges we bear,
And see the same Self reflected there.
No borders remain, no distance, no roles —
Just one quiet flame that kindles all souls.

Namaskar may echo in the temple and song,
Both are paths where hearts belong.
They honour the light at the heart of the day,
The sacred within, in a simple way.

So, bow with quietness, let kindness flow —
Let truth and humility ever grow.
For Namaste is more than a gesture or sound —
It's the soul's quiet bow to the sacred all around.

[148] A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

Born in the hush of a waking sky,
We chased our dreams where kites could fly.
With chalk-stained hands and radios near,
We shaped our world with hope and cheer.

Through roaring youth and winds that blew,
Each decade brought a path, brand new.
Careers took flight, the world grew small,
We typed… we tapped… we answered all.

The wires hummed, the screens grew bright,
Old truths gave way to newer light.
From books to bytes, from grain to stream —
We bridged the past into a dream.

From polio's chill to silent fear,
We walked through storms, year after year.
Science rose with steady breath,
And whispered life through strands of death.

We held to roots… yet dared to roam,
And found in each shift a kind of home.
Both analog and digital blend —
In tales we pass… from friend to friend.

Ours is a song of change and grace —
Still dancing time at our own pace.
A gentle flame we still ignite…
With childlike joy — and seasoned light.

[149] THE ENIGMA OF A PRESENCE

When silence deepens, soft and wide,
And something stirs we cannot hide —
No form appears, no voice is heard,
Yet presence breathes in thought unstirred.

Is it the mind at noiseless play,
That shapes a truth it cannot weigh?
Or echoes from a deeper stream,
Where Self and shadow merge in dream?

Though science doubts what can't be proved,
The soul feels truths not yet removed.
Its boundaries, drawn firm and tight,
May miss the pulse of inner light.

For seers and sages spoke of fire,
Of glimpses vast and lifted higher.
The Vedas chant, the silence sings,
Of One behind all names and things.

In moments when the known stands still,
And wonder bends the mind to will,
We sense — not see — what walks beside,
A truth the waking world can’t hide.

So let us not deny the flame
That whispers near, without a name.
For what we feel, though undefined,
May be the soul... the Cosmic Mind.

[150] AWAKENED BY THE INFINITE

A moment breaks the self apart —
A silent flame ignites the heart.
No madness here, but something true,
A timeless light comes shining through.

Through grief or love, or sacred breath,
We glimpse beyond the veil of death.
The serpent stirs, the spine is fire —
The soul is drawn to truth's desire.

Such visions rise where silence grows,
Where ego fades and being flows.
The self expands, the world feels one —
A starlit dance, a setting sun.

So let the heart be still and wide,
For truth walks not with fear or pride.
Though thought may search, the spirit sees —
A deeper law, a grander peace.

[151] THE MEASURE OF DIGNITY

Where scornful eyes and coldness greet the day,
Where smiles are worn to keep the truth at bay —
No wealth can warm the chill of such a place;
I choose the path where hearts don't turn away.

Though gold may shine and fortune call my name,
If love is lost, the gain is not the same.
A thousand coins can never heal the sting
Of words that bruise or silences that shame.

Let others rise where flatterers abound,
And walk on thrones where hollow praise is crowned.
I'd rather tread a simpler, quieter path,
Then trade my peace for power's fleeting sound.

Respect, once torn, no riches can reclaim;
No feast can cleanse the subtle taste of blame.
I guard the stillness dwelling in my soul —
A flame that won't be bought, nor bent by shame.

To bow for favor is a bitter art —
To sell the soul is where true losses start.
I walk alone, yet carry all I need:
A conscience clear, a strong and steadfast heart.

No bond is worth the cost of being small,
Of dimming truth to please a gilded hall.
In self-respect, the soul stands tall and free —
And that, alone, is dignity's true call.

[152] THE TRUE WEALTH

No gold nor glory holds a richer thread
Then health, by which our daily lives are led.
It is the ground where joy and meaning grow —
The silent strength on which all dreams are spread.

Not merely flesh, nor thoughts that drift and race,
But soul in tune with body's gentle pace.
True health is more than what the eyes can see —
It shines where inner calm has found its place.

Yet chasing thrills, we often lose our way,
And sell our peace for pleasures that betray.
Desire burns bright, then leaves a bitter ash —
While nature's gift is cast and swept away.

When sickness comes, regret begins to speak,
And shows the cost of goals we blindly seek.
Too late we learn what truly makes us whole —
Not outward gain, but balance soft and meek.

So let the soul and body walk as one,
With sacred care from rising sun to sun.
In us begins the path that life demands —
Where healing flows, and deeper wealth is won.

[153] WHEN WORDS FALL SHORT OF TRUTH

The mind, though sharp, becomes a cage of flame,
When crowned as king in silence's name.
The writer's gift, both burden and delight,
Burns bright — yet never leaves the soul the same.

We chase the stars with ink and clever phrase,
Yet lose the truth in language's maze.
A fleeting feeling, wild and undefined,
Is dulled to fit the lines that thought obeys.

To bind the vast within a measured line,
Is caging thunder, naming the divine.
And so, the scrawl, though born from earnest fire,
Can't hold the sky where soul and truth align.

Old books may speak in metaphors and creeds,
But changing times bring unimagined needs.
The spirit longs for winds that can't be penned,
Not rites that echo yesterday's misdeeds.

When faith grows still, and thought becomes its wall,
Then hearts must leap beyond the temple's call.
In silent skies, the soul will find its way —
Past holy words too proud to bend or fall.

So, tell me, friend — is silence not more wise,
Then words engraved beneath diminishing skies?
I've written much, yet still I fail to see
Why truth must yield when faith and speech disagree.

[154] EXPANDING CONSCIOUSNESS

All faces fade, yet 'One' remains beneath —
A breath that stirs the rose, the wind, the wreath.
When self and name fall silent, truth appears,
And time dissolves in stillness, not in years.

The fire burns — and you, a tongue of flame.
The river sings — and you are not the same.
The seer melts into the thing he sees,
And all is One, in silence, without keys.

No longer "mine," no longer "thou" or "I,"
The drop has kissed the sea and ceased to try.
A hush pervades where once the 'self' had clung,
Now only Light, unsaid, unseen, unsung.

No path remains, yet all is path divine,
Each breath a verse, each moment is a sign.
The doer fades, and doing too is done —
Just Being glows, like light before the sun.

What need for prayers, when dusk and dawn conspire,
To light the soul with their unspoken fire?
For God is close—in tear, in wind, in stone —
A presence felt, yet never fully known.

[155] THE FALL OF EGO, THE RISE OF LIGHT

The ego builds with dust and calls it might,
It blinds the soul beneath a veil of light.
It births desire, then pain in an endless stream —
A waking sorrow cloaked within a dream.

It whispers power, binds with a golden thread,
Till joy grows hollow and the heart lies dead.
Yet seekers learn, through silence and flame,
To pierce its mask and call it by its name.

This false "I am" must crumble, fade, and fall,
That Truth may shine beyond the ego's wall.
The Higher Self, once hidden deep within,
Rises in peace, untouched by loss or sin.

No temple needed, chant, or holy sign —
The soul now knows: I am the vast divine.
It walks in stillness, fragrance on the breeze,
At one with all, yet free from all that sees.

When personal and cosmic selves unite,
The stream returns unto the sea of Light.
A joy beyond all grasping gently flows —
The flame that is, the Self that simply knows.

So, rise, O soul, and let the falsehood cease —
The ego sleeps; the mind is bathed in peace.
You watch the play but never lose your ground —
For Light has touched the centre most profound.

[156] THE MARK OF A FOOL

The fool, enthralled by pride and show,
Mistakes, mere glints for wisdom's glow.
He shuns all truth that dares oppose,
And wraps his faults in borrowed prose.

In circles tight, his footsteps tread,
While crowns of air adorn his head.
No voice of reason breaks his spell —
He'd rather rule a crafted hell.

Five signs unveil the fool's charade:
Pride, wrath, and jests with venom weighed;
Debates he scorns, and truths he flees —
Yet struts as if the world he sees.

Though sages speak and lanterns burn,
He neither listens nor will learn.
Like spoons that stir but never taste,
His thoughts are forms – his insights waste.

He covets praise, yet earns disdain,
Leaves wounded hearts and bitter stain.
With hollow words and louder claim,
He masks the void and fans the flame.

Yet wisdom waits when pride departs,
When silence enters shattered hearts.
The wise seek Light through veils and schemes —
The fool still dreams within his dreams.

[157] DIVINE LOVE

A boundless light, unseen by mortal eye,
Breathes life through stars, through earth, through silent sky —
A sacred flame beyond all name and time.

It flows from Source, unmeasured and untamed,
A love so pure it cannot seek or claim,
Yet heals the soul where grief and shadows climb.

Unfettered is this art the heart once knew —
It moves through all, yet dwells in none as "true,"
And leaves us changed, though none may speak its name.

In Radha's ache, in Sufi's raptured song,
In Christ's wide arms that welcome right and wrong —
It draws us where all boundaries lose their claim.

Beyond the self, beyond the grasp of mind,
Where all dissolve, and nothing stays confined,
It shows that love is Being's quiet law.

So, guard this thread — if cut, it knots in pain;
But whole, it holds the cosmos in its chain,
And weaves all hearts in Love's eternal draw.

[158] THE SONG OF BOUNDLESS LOVE

O Love, thou art the breath no name binds,
Beyond all thought, yet present in all minds.

In every heart, thou lightest secret flame,
A silent song that sings through joy and shame.

Thy faces shift — as friend, as kin, as guide,
As strangers' glance where silent truths abide.

In thee, all lines of "mine" and "thine" erase,
And souls behold the One in every face.

Philosophers have searched, and sages prayed,
Yet only Love has joined what thought betrayed.

Thy thread, unseen, through time and space is spun,
Connecting stars to dust, and self to One.

O Love unbound, where ends and edges cease,
Thou art the source, the song, the soul's deep peace.

[159] ONE LIGHT, ONE SELF

The self and Source, though veiled, are ever one,
No wave is separate from the sea or sun.
When Maya lifts her mist from soul's domain,
The "I" dissolves — the seeking self is none.

All forms arise upon one changeless ground,
Where Brahman's light through countless names is found.
What seems as many, inwardly is tied,
Like woven threads, the dream weaver bound.

From stone to star, one breath, one silent law,
Sustains the world in wonder, love, and awe.
Each life, though shaped in difference, holds the same
Undying flame, the ancient sages saw.

Tat Tvam Asi — the soul's unspoken cry,
Declares the Self in all, both low and high.
You are the cosmos dreaming into form,
A spark of truth no shadow can deny.

When this is known, all walls of self are done —
The many merge and stand as only One.
No boundaries last where pure awareness flows,
And love alone remains when self is gone.

So, look within — beyond the name and role,
Beyond the wave, the world, the spinning whole.
For there, you'll find, beneath all thought and breath,
The Light that is our essence and our goal.

[160] THE DIVINE WITHIN

The light we seek beyond the distant skies
Shines in our soul, though veiled from outer eyes.

No throne afar, no god in heights above —
The truth we seek is born of boundless love.

Behind all form, beyond both name and frame,
Abides the Self — eternal, still, the same.

The pilgrim's path turns inward, soft and deep,
Where ancient truths in silent chambers sleep.

Aham Brahmasmi — gently it is said,
And ego's veil begins to softly shed.

Awake, O soul, from fleeting dreams of "I,"
And see the One in all, both low and high.

In us, the cosmos sings, serene, unseen —
The Infinite clothed in the finite's sheen.

[161] THE LIGHT OF TRUE SEEING

Each soul seeks peace beyond the grasp of pain,
To rise above despair's unending chain;
Yet mind, unknowing, feeds the very fire
By birthing fear and thoughts that still remain.

The world, though vast, is but a shifting show —
No fixed delight, no sorrow deep below.
The mind assigns the hues of joy and grief,
And paints with pride and shame its high and low.

But one who sees the mind's deceitful play,
And watch thoughts arise, then drift away,
Will find beneath the storm a changeless light —
The heart that holds the calm of endless day.

To know the Self—not clothed in name or form —
Is truth's own sun beyond the passing storm.
In that one glance, the veil of self is torn,
And bliss, once lost, becomes the soul's true norm.

[162] THE WATCHER WITHIN

The heart must beat — its rhythm never still —
To send life's current forth by nature's will;
So too the mind must spin its ceaseless thread.

No fault it is that thoughts arise and stray,
For thought is but the mind's appointed way —
A fleeting tide that rises, then is shed.

Yet mastery lies not in grasp or fight,
But in the gaze that holds them without might —
Unmoved, aware, untouched by fear or form.

To watch each thought appear and drift and pass,
Like wind that stirs the surface of the glass,
Is to abide within the changeless norm.

For in that gaze, the stream begins to bend —
The seen conforms beneath the eye's attend;
The mind grows clear, its shadows swept away.

Thus stands the watcher — silent, deep, and free,
A mirror to life's vast simplicity,
Where light remains, though all else moves and sways.

[163] A NUCLEAR-FREE WORLD

This Earth is fragile,
and life — a flicker in time.
Why hasten the end
with weapons of our own design?

The sword brings silence,
not peace.
Only loss echoes
in its shadow.

Yet still the Buddha's whisper lingers:
What is gained,
if blood must pay the price?

No flag, no border,
no throne
can justify the grave.

Now is the hour.
To destroy —
or to protect.

Let love
be the force
that lays the weapon down.

[164] THE TRUTH BEGINS TO RING WITHIN

The soul forgets the song it used to sing,
As creeds grow loud and silence fades away.
Yet deep within, a truth begins to ring.

We kneel to gods, but miss the sacred spring,
Where love flows free, untouched by rites we pay.
The soul forgets the song it used to sing.

Though smoke may rise where broken altars cling,
And war defiles the light of holy day,
Yet deep within, a truth begins to ring.

No book nor bell nor shrine can wholly bring
The formless grace that never can decay.
The soul forgets the song it used to sing.

Beyond all names, beyond imagining,
A dawn of stillness waits to show the way —
And deep within, a truth begins to ring.

Awake, O soul — let go of everything.
All walls dissolve, and Love alone shall stay.
The soul forgets the song it used to sing,
Yet deep within, a truth begins to ring.

[165] WHEN FAITH BECOMES FIRE

We stand once more upon the edge of flame,
Where faith and power twine their deadly thread;
The old deceits still bear a righteous name,
Yet leave the earth in silence, scorched and red.

The past still groans with cries of holy war —
The Crusade's march, the Jihad's solemn call;
Each fueled by zeal, yet shadowed at the core,
Where pride and politics conspired to fall.

And must we tread again that bloodstained way,
When wisdom speaks and love would light the air?
Shall hate decide what histories betray,
Or shall we choose the path of those who care?

The choice is ours — to break or to restore:
Let peace prevail, and war return no more.

[166] THE INNER LIGHT

Upon the sea where stars in silence drift,
There moves a force no eye can clearly see;
Yet in the soul, it stirs — a subtle gift,
A light that shines through awe and mystery.

Life sways between its joy and aching pain,
Its storms may roar, then fall to sudden peace;
Through calm acceptance, wisdom we attain,
And from resistance, inner wars can cease.

Let knowledge lead where shadowed doubts abide,
And hush the voice of ego's fleeting claim;
For truth within the quiet heart will guide —
A gentle flame no darkness dares to shame.

Awake, O soul! Let inward light impart
The boundless God who dwells within our heart.

[167] LIVING IS DYING

When age draws near or illness speaks of end,
The mind turns inward, death becomes a friend.
Yet from within, a silent voice takes flight:
"I am the soul — eternal, made of light."

Forms decay and honors fade from view,
The Self remains unchanging, pure, and true.
From birth to death, life shifts in passing guise,
But something watches, still, behind the eyes.

No crown, no coin, no prayer can death delay;
It comes like dusk to close the light of day.
Like dew that clings, then slips from lotus leaf,
So, life departs — a moment, swift and brief.

Yet death is change, not darkness, not despair —
A robe laid down, a breath of freer air.
To live with grace, one must in dying see
The flame that burns beyond mortality.

So, fear no end, and let no hour be vain,
For both are links in one unbroken chain.
A wave may fall, but still the ocean flows,
And in the dark, the light within still glows.

[168] HISTORY REPEATS — A TIMELESS REFRAIN

Time moves ahead, yet circles the past,
As echoes return, both gentle and vast.
Empires arise with banners held high,
Then fall to the dust while the ages drift by.

Plagues reappear with each careless age —
From Black Death's grip to COVID's rage.
And hatred rekindles old fires anew,
History warned, what blind zeal can do.

India, cradle of vision and flame,
Endured the sword, the cross, and shame.
Nalanda's embers, though scattered and cold,
Still whisper of knowledge no tyrant could hold.

The British rewrote her tongue and song,
Yet dharma endured the silence and wrong.
Now is the hour to awaken and shield
The roots of a truth too long concealed.

Let children be taught both the scars and the light —
The burden of loss, the courage of right.
For memory held with wisdom and grace
Can steady the world and redeem the race.

[169] THE GRACE OF COMPASSION

When hearts awaken to another's pain,
And feel the weight that others silently bear,
A gentler light begins its soft refrain,
Disarming hate, dissolving cold despair.

Where mercy lives, resentment cannot grow;
Its healing touch makes shattered spirits whole.
It lifts the grief that dwells in depths below,
And mends the silent fractures of the soul.

The love we give to those we hold most dear
Need not be chained to blood or chosen few;
Let kindness stretch beyond the walls of fear,
Embrace the world in bonds both deep and true.

For only hearts by selfless grace refined
Can see one world, one fate, one humankind.

[170] THE GENTLE ART OF TRUTH

Though truth stands firm — unshaken, clear, and bright —
Its edge may cut when laced with scornful sound;
For words, though true, can dim compassion's light
When flung like stones, where tenderness is found.

It is not truth that breaks the spirit's thread,
But voices steeped in malice or disdain;
A kinder tongue, as ancient sages said,
Can speak with grace and still the deepest pain.

When falsehood thrives and flattery holds sway,
Let courage rise, but let it not condemn;
For truth, when clothed in love, can light the way,
And heal the wounds that harshness cannot stem.

So let us speak with honesty and art —
Where truth meets love, it touches every heart.

[171] OF HERMIT AND HOUSEHOLDER

The wealth of worlds is fleeting as the breeze,
While spirit's gain outlasts the march of years.
Though riches tempt, the heart finds no true ease,
And power oft is bought with silent tears.

From birth to death, through grief, through joy and strife,
The wheel of sorrow binds both great and small.
Yet those who seek the Truth beyond this life
Shall glimpse the Light that breaks illusion's thrall.

No monk alone may tread the path to grace,
Nor vows define the soul's awakened state;
A householder may rise to Rishi's place,
And hermits, too, may stray or yield to fate.

The wise let go, what time and dust consume,
To let the Light within the heart illume.

[172] TOGETHER WE RISE

Let love endure, unbound by time or place,
A flame that holds through sorrow, storm, and strain.
It lifts the heart beyond the self's small space,
And soothes the world of bitterness and pain.

Though minds may clash and stand on different ground,
Let understanding bridge the deep divide;
For in each soul, a common hope is found—
To live in peace, with dignity and pride.

The sun still shines on all, both strong and weak,
The grass still grows where none has claimed the land.
And when as one we walk, not lord nor meek,
Then dreams take root and blossom hand in hand.

So let love lead, and quiet all disguise—
Through unity and grace, together rise.

[173] ONE EARTH, ONE HOME

Though hues may change and tongues not all align,
And creeds divide the ways our hearts express,
Beneath one sky, beneath the stars that shine,
We share one earth, one home — no more, no less.

The air we breathe, the soil beneath our tread,
Are gifts not bound by name or race or pride;
For life's same rhythm through all hearts is spread,
And marks us kin, though oceans may divide.

Alone, a soul may walk but not remain;
Our strength begins when many hearts unite.
Together, we shall rise beyond all strain,
Or fall apart and vanish from the light.

So let us build, in love and hope made whole,
One world, one home, one ever-living soul.

[174] THE SEER BEYOND ALL SEEING

You see not 'That' which looks through every eye,
Nor hear the Hearer, silent, vast, and still;
No thought can grasp the Thinker dwelling nigh,
Nor know the Knower by the mind or will.

The Self remains, untouched by birth or end,
While all that moves shall fade and pass away.
The wise let go of "I" and all pretend,
And dwell as pure Awareness, bright as day.

Like space within, and space beyond the jar,
The One is all unchanging, ever the same.
Though waves arise, they never truly mar
The boundless sea, beyond all form or name.

No word, no eye, no act, no fleeting sound
Can touch the source from which all beings spring.
It is the hush where truth and self are found —
The root of life, the soul of everything.
In knowing this, all seeking turns to cease,
And Self alone remains in perfect peace.

[175] THE LIGHT BEYOND CREEDS

The time has come to cast old creeds away,
To break the chains of dogma's dark domain,
And let the inward light of truth hold sway.

No priest, no book, no idol we obey —
But virtues born of a silent, inner flame,
Where self-aware compassion lights the way.

A creedless creed for all who seek release,
Where man meets Self, beyond all name and race,
And glimpses there the boundless Face of peace.

Through self-led paths, the soul begins to rise,
From finite forms to vast, unbounded space,
Where silence speaks, and all illusion dies.

In Being's core, it's radiant stillness clears,
No fear remains, no gods to please or blame —
Just truth itself, untouched by time or tears.

Let hearts rejoice, no longer bound or blind;
For in the depths of each awakened mind,
The light of Spirit shines through humankind.

[176] THE ILLUSION OF TWO

What seems as many is in truth but one —
A single flame refracted through the glass,
Where name and form conceal what lies beyond.

This world of difference, fashioned by the mind,
Erects its walls of "us" and "them" with care,
Yet all distinctions vanish when we find.

That self and other, enemy and kin,
Are shadows cast by ego's narrow gaze —
When light breaks in, their boundaries grow thin.

Creed and nation, title, flag, and face,
Have played their part in history's cruel game;
But truth transcends the tokens we embrace.

Before the storm of consequence unfolds,
A deeper insight calls the race to rise —
To see in all the Self that gently holds.

Let not the future mirror folly's past;
In unity, the wisdom of the sage —
A peace beyond all difference shall last.

[177] THE ONE SONG OF LOVE

When love is pure and welcomed without fear,
The veils grow thin, the hidden comes to sight,
And all of life begins to shine crystal clear.

No creed is needed when the heart is still —
Illumined by a flame that knows no name,
It bends the self to Love's transcendent will.

From longing's coil the spirit gently flies,
Where self and form dissolve in silence deep,
And opposites in Love's embrace arise.

No 'I' remains, nor any 'you' to find,
But only flame — one light, one breath, one stream,
Where all is joined beyond the grasp of mind.

In that great hush, the many become One,
And all the world, reborn in Love's own name,
Returns again beneath the timeless sun.

For Love alone, the universe is spun,
And through its song, all souls return as One.

[178] THE THREE DIVINE QUALITIES

Speak only Truth — the light that does not fade,
Though time may turn and kingdoms rise and fall;
Its flame endures when all the rest has swayed,
A guiding star, eternal over all.

Let anger find no dwelling in your soul,
For wrath will burn what wisdom seeks to save;
The peaceful heart remains complete and whole,
Unmoved by storms, unshaken and yet brave.

And give, not measured by the world's demand,
But freely, as the sun bestows its light;
With an open heart and ever-open hand,
Let kindness bloom in giving's pure delight.

Truth, Peace, and Love — these three shall ever stand,
Divine within the reach of mortal span;
Through them the soul, though forged in dust and sand,
Becomes a mirror of the light in man.

[179] SURRENDER…ALL IS THINE

Not mine the sights that shimmer in my gaze,
Nor sounds that drift upon the morning air;
The world unfolds in Thee, through all Thy ways —
Thy touch is near, though hidden everywhere.

The warmth and chill that move across the skin,
The bitter, the sweet, the silence, and the song,
They rise and fade by will, not born within —
To Thee, O Lord, all earth and stars belong.

These thoughts I hold, I neither birth nor bind,
Nor words I write, though hand and ink are near;
For when the self dissolves, the truth I find —
Thy breath alone has brought all Beings here.

The "I" that speaks, the eye that seeks to see,
Are shadows dancing in Thy boundless light?
And when I bow, I wake to what must be:
Thy grace alone gives meaning to my night.

Tera… Tera… I whisper, still and bare —
All is Thy will, Thy word, Thy way, Thy care.

[180] ON SUFFERING AND LIBERATION

Suffering walks with life, its silent twin —
A truth once known by sages deep and wise;
It need not rule, though it may still begin
The inward quest where deeper freedom lies.

This wheel of birth and death forever turns,
Where joy and pain are spun in a karmic thread;
Yet in detachment, when the spirit learns,
Desire dissolves, and lesser bonds are shed.

Illusions fall like mist before the sun,
And what was dark reveals a hidden light;
A dawn breaks forth when the shadow's course is run,
And inward steps lead past the veil of night.

The path is clear, but not the path alone —
For once we cross, the raft is cast aside;
Beyond the known, where thought no more is shown,
The self dissolves into the boundless tide.

No form remains, nor name, nor word, nor line —
But only harmony — unshaped, unborn, divine.

[181] ON SAINTS, SINNERS

No soul is born a saint, nor doomed to fall —
The path to light runs through the veils of night.
For even saints have stumbled at the call,
And sinners, too, may rise toward truth and right.

The spark of Brahman shines in every frame,
No heart is wholly lost, nor wholly clean;
Who dares to cast the final stone of blame,
When all are shaped by forces yet unseen?

Let actions weigh beyond the word or guise,
For outer claims may mask the inner flame;
It is the deed, not the robe, that testifies,
And the effort made that sanctifies the name.

So, honour those who strive with earnest hand,
Whose work uplifts, though flawed their steps may be;
For more than sainthood's mark or holy brand,
A noble heart redeems humanity.

[182] TOUCHING ELDERS' FEET

When hearts align in calm embrace,
A Namaste graces time and place.

Yet deeper still, with bowed-down head,
We seek the feet where wisdom led.

At life's new dawn, on sacred days,
We honour elders, olden ways.

Charan Sparsh — a gesture rare,
A timeless bond of love and care.

No land but ours this rite maintains,
Where youth bow low while truth remains.

To parents, teachers, sages old,
We offer touch, both meek and bold.

For they have walked where we must go,
Their blessings fall like morning glow.

But feet we touch — not hearts, not pride,
The young must bow, the old must guide.

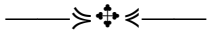
Save in those rites where love concedes,
And grace flows down to humble needs.

Yet pity those whose hearts have turned,
Who bows for gain, not wisdom earned.

Such hollow acts, devoid of soul,
Profane the path and miss the goal.

So, keep it pure — this hallowed lore,
Let reverence breathe through form once more.

A bow of love — not art, not feat —
True Charan Sparsh springs from the heart.



[183] THE UNSEEN POWER

One Consciousness, both vast and near,
Unseen, yet felt in all that's here —
The source of joy, the breath of grace,
Beyond all form, beyond all place.

No shape, no name, no voice, no face,
Yet dwells within the heart's still space.
Not born, not bound by time or light,
It simply is — pure, changeless might.

The Vedas whisper: All is One —
No second self beneath the sun.
No fear remains, no false desire,
Where Love consumes the self in fire.

The mind may search, the tongue may try,
But silence is the deepest cry.
Through inward gaze, the veils depart —
And Light awakens in the heart.

Beyond every dream, beyond every frame,
One Presence burns — a deathless flame.

[184] I KNOW THAT I KNOW NOTHING

No mind can hold, no tongue convey,
The Truth that dawns beyond the day.
All thought dissolves where Being starts,
And silence sings within our hearts.

The forms we chase, the names we trust,
All fade to dreams, return to dust.
Not thought, but stillness, draws us near —
The Self revealed when mind is clear.

When ego falls like autumn rain,
Pure presence flows, untouched by pain.
Like hollow reed or breath unseen,
Truth moves in spaces, in between.

No past, no plan, no outer light —
Just love that burns through day and night.
To serve, to see, to simply — Be.
Is knowing born from mystery?

[185] DOING NOTHING, YET ALL IS DONE

In stillness deep, where thoughts arise,
All's done — though none the doer spies.
The mind may reach, but cannot keep
The truths that dwell in silence deep.

Though East and West their teachings bring,
The heart of Truth escapes the ring.
To seek is loss, to lose is gain,
Desire unbound dissolves the chain.

Three paths unfold — to act, to rest —
But selfless stillness serves the best.
No-thing, though bare, is full and bright —
A formless grace, a hidden light.

The Gita chants: in stillness, move —
Let action flow, no need to prove.
In doing none, yet all is done,
As self and deed become as one.

From unborn void to fleeting spark,
We pass through light, return to dark.
Yet time recedes, and all we see
Finds truth in sheer simplicity.

[186] A TOAST TO LIFE'S LAST ACT

The years have flown, Time's weaving nearly done,
I stand where sea and setting sun are one.
Death waits — unknown, unseen, yet ever near,
A hush of awe, a whisper edged with fear.

The wise have said: our deeds shall shape our way,
The kind may sleep in peace at the end of the day.
Yet even saints and kings are brought to ground,
As karma's winds turn all things upside down.

We chase the gleam of gold, of praise, of thrill,
But hunger haunts the heart it cannot fill.
Shall I then plan my own soft, final breath?
No — death moves past the bounds we set on death.

So let me wear my days with lighter grace,
And greet each hour with laughter on my face.
When the curtain falls, may joy and wisdom blend —
A clear-eyed soul embracing journey's end.

So, raise the cup, and drink to life's fierce flame —
Then walk the dark with stars that bear no name.

[187] CEASEFIRE ON INDO-PAK BORDER

We welcome the hush —
a breath between bullets,
a pause where hatred once thundered.
Pakistan,
learn the art of peace —
With your neighbour, with your mother.
India —
The land you once called home.
You chose exile over embrace,
and raised your blade
against the womb that bore you.
She bled — but never cursed.
She forgave — but the Earth remembers.
Two million dead,
fifteen million displaced —
still, you do not see.
Karma turns. It never forgets.
Each act of hate
writes its fate.
And no God, no Allah, no Ishwar —
can erase the hand
that struck the first blow.

[188] THE SOUND OF SILENCE

The truth behind all sound is still —
No voice, no thought, no mind or will.
It dwells beneath both speech and creed,
Where silence answers every need.

The thinking mind must learn to rest,
For silence is the soul's own guest.
Not hush alone, but boundless light —
A presence felt beyond all sight.

The Anahata — a sound unstruck —
Speaks loudest when we cease to clutch.
No ear can hear, no tongue can say
What silence brings along the way.

The senses roam, the mind will chase,
But silence is the heart's true place.
It softens pain, it clears the view,
And shows the Self both deep and true.

The soul says all, though speaks in none,
It's knowing that needs no moon or sun.
It shines when longing falls away —
And peace, not words, begins to stay.

In stillness, we return to One —
No self to seek, no task undone.
For silence is the voice of grace,
And in its depth, we find our place.

[189] APPEAL TO THE MUSLIMS IN INDIA

O brethren of the crescent flame,
Though faiths may differ, we're the same.
We share this land, this sacred dust —
A bond of kin, a silent trust.

Let elders speak with wisdom's grace,
To calm the storms, we now must face.
Let reason rise where tempers burn,
And hearts to higher truths return.

When speech falls short, let law prevail —
Not rage, nor force, nor hateful tale.
For once, we lived as one in peace,
Let not that harmony now cease.

No power should tear the thread apart,
That ties each soul to India's heart.
Let not dark hands divide our ground —
But lift our spirits, safe and sound.

A just, fair code for all who live,
With rights upheld, and room to give.
A land where love, not creeds, define
The shared bright future we design.

Let unity be what we defend —
As neighbors, kin, as friend to friend.
Together strong, let none withstand
The peace we build, hand in hand.

[190] DIWALI

Diwali gleams as Rama returns,
From exile's path where hardship burns —
A tale where shadows lose their might,
And virtue walks the road of light.

With lamps aglow and fireworks high,
We chase the dark, we paint the sky.
Yet still, in corners cold and deep,
Some hearts grow tired, and dreams sleep.

What means this light, to those who yearn?
Whose empty hands to heaven turn?
Two worlds remain, though side by side —
One bathed in gold, one brushed with tide.

Let joy not bloom in silos small,
But rise like light that warms us all.
Let kindness flow from heart to hand —
A gift that all may understand.

Look past the glitz, the glowing show,
To where true grace and giving grow.
Together may our spirits rise,
And light the world with love's true prize.

[191] THE SILENT SELF

In fleeting forms, the world may rise and fall,
A dance of shadows cast by Maya's hand;
Yet something watches, still beneath it all —
The changeless Self, no mind can understand.

Through joy and grief, through virtue, fault, and sin,
The seeker walks, then turns to look within.
No path, no prayer, no outer speech can trace
The One who dwells beyond all time and place.

Not lost, then found, nor born of sound or name,
The Truth is Light from which all visions stream;
It burns without a flame, beyond all frame,
The Real behind the mirror of the dream.

So let the dance of forms rise, fade, and cease —
The Self alone remains, in silent peace.

[192] MAYA — THE VEIL OF ILLUSION

The morning blooms — a world in bright disguise,
Yet fades before the Sun of Inner Eyes.
This dance of forms, of name and fleeting show,
Conceals the Truth that waits behind the glow.

A thousand waves arise upon the Sea,
Yet none can part from deep identity.
So too the world, in day and shadow dressed —
The 'One' remains, even as 'Many' manifest.

The loom of Time weaves fates both vast and slight,
But who discerns the Hand that hides in the night?
Maya — the dream that flits from far to near —
Enchants the heart with borrowed light, unclear.

Like waves that play upon the sleeping Deep,
The world stirs wide — yet all in slumber sleep.
For all that seems is but a breath, a gleam;
While Truth endures beyond the waking dream.

In shadow's play, the Light is overlaid;
The mind believes — and thus, the heart's betrayed.
But lift the Veil, and lo! the Seeker sees —
The sought was Self, unbound and ever free.

[193] THE SELF — THE SILENT WITNESS

Behind all thought, the Silent Witness lies,
Unmoved by time, untouched by lows or highs.
Unborn, undying — still, and ever so near —
The Self in all, through all, is vast and clear.

The mirror shows but knows not what it sees,
The moonlight glows yet borrows from the seas.
So too the "I" that speaks, that hopes, that grieves,
Is but the Light through which the world perceives.

The whispering self may spin its fleeting lore,
Yet Truth stands firm, unshaken at its core.
Beyond all name, beyond all thought and frame,
The Self remains forever, pure, the same.

We roam the world through pleasure, loss, and pain,
Then forge anew the Self's familiar chain.
Untouched by joy, by sorrow, pride, or shame,
The Self remains beyond all praise or blame.

It sees without the eyes, yet all is seen,
It lights the stars, the voids that lie between.
It moves all things, yet moves not in its flow —
That changeless Truth the wise alone may know.

[194] BRAHMAN — THE INFINITE REALITY

No edge confines the sky, no shore the sea,
So stands the Self — from I and Thou set free.
Beyond all name, beyond all form and guise,
Brahman abides — the Truth that never dies.

From Silence born, to Silence all returns,
This world that dreams, delights, decays, and burns.
Yet Brahman dwells, unmoved by time or breath —
The Flame Unseen, untouched by life or death.

Through form and sound and ever-shifting light,
We chase the One beyond our mortal sight.
But only in pure stillness is it known —
Where thought dissolves, and all is One alone.

The flame within no shadow can betray—
Unborn, undying, not of night or day.
It is the Self, the Witness, still and clear,
In all alike, and none to it more, dear.

In stillness seek — and know the Truth is near:
The drop, the sea — both crystals, both sincere.
For Brahman speaks in every soul that hears,
And sings through silence, echoing the spheres.

[195] LIBERATION — THE AWAKENING OF THE SOUL

No wealth nor power can buy the soul's release,
But when the self and world are both at peace.
The Boundless Self, once seen, dissolves all chains,
And leaves the heart as free as wind and plains.

The seeker journeys far through shade and sun,
To find the sought was never truly gone.
The path turns inward, boundaries grow slight —
Till Self knows Self, and all dissolves in Light.

The chains we wear are wrought within the mind;
And freedom dawns when thought itself is blind —
To all that splits the Whole into the part,
And wakes to Truth that floods the silent heart.

What need of crown, or gold, or fleeting name,
When all we clutch returns from whence it came?
The Truth once touched makes every craving cease,
And Freedom shines, untouched by fame or grief.

The soul that walks the inward path of Light,
Sees no divide, no wrong, no shade, no right.
For in the Self the world is born anew —
Where all is One, and all is ever true.

[196] A MYSTIC'S SONG

No other walks beneath this endless dome,
No soul is cast too far to call it home.
One Light, one Pulse in every form is found —
The silent Self, where all the worlds are bound.

A whisper stirs behind the mind's last veil —
Not born, not gone, not one to grieve or hail.
The One we chased through time, birth, and breath,
Was "I" — untouched by sorrow, change, or death.

All forms arise like echoes on a stream,
Yet Truth remains beyond the waking dream.
It speaks in stillness, shines through every face —
A formless flame, a love no time can trace.

When heart and vision pierce illusion's play,
The walls dissolve, and night becomes day.
No friend, no foe — just mirrors, ever true,
Reflecting Self in every shade and hue.

We search the stars, the shrine, the sacred stone,
But "That" which "Is" has never left our own.
In every sigh, in silence deep and wide,
It dwells — the One, no longer veiled, nor tied.

[197] BEFORE THE LAST LIGHT FADES

Why forge our end with hands that craft our grief,
When Earth still blooms beneath the silent skies?
Let love disarm the sword and bring relief.

The atom waits, a judge beyond belief —
No victor stands when every hope then dies.
Why forge our end with hands that craft our grief?

No gain endures that's bought with blood and brief,
No throne can rule where ruin solely lies.
Let love disarm the sword and bring relief.

The Buddha's voice still breathes through war and strife:
"What war can win what wisdom once made wise?"
Why forge our end with hands that craft our grief?

No border drawn can sanctify the thief
Who steals from life the right to rise?
Let love disarm the sword and bring relief.

Now is the hour to choose: destroy or life —
One flame remains before the last light dies.
Why forge our end with hands that craft our grief?
Let love disarm the sword and bring relief.

[198] WE ARE ALL ONE

If one from Mars should walk our earthly way,
Our same forms – no difference would display.
He'd fail to judge which face is fair or plain,
Or know what faith or nation brings us gain.

He'd see no rich or poor in mortal guise,
No kings or beggars marked beneath the skies.
As ants appear the same upon the ground,
So too would we, in sameness, all be found.

But we, who think, have built dividing walls,
In mind and heart, where cruel judgment calls.
Yet if we let the thought of oneness grow,
A kinder world would surely start to show.

Let love arise where hatred used to stand,
And brotherhood stretches out its healing hand.
For only through this bond of soul to soul,
Can peace and joy, upon the planet roll.

So let us strive, with purpose deep and true,
To mend the cracks that keep us split in two.
Unite as one beneath the stars above —
One Earth, one race, one truth, one light, one love.

[199] A WAVE OF CHANGE

The mind expands as knowledge lights the way,
And lifts our sight beyond the bounds of clay.
From worldly chains, the soul begins to rise,
Drawn by the truth that waits in clearer skies.

The fivefold path of values stands revealed —
Truth, Peace, and Love, where wounds of hate are healed;
With Righteousness to guide each honest breath,
And Non-violence, turning life from death.

True wealth is found not in a nation's gold,
But in the hearts where virtues are strong and bold
Inspire the growth of joy, of health, of peace —
A life where needless suffering may cease.

The world grows small as borders fade from sight,
And cultures blend beneath a common light.
Though creeds may differ, still the soul is one —
All paths converge beneath the rising sun.

Let not the winds of change be fought with fear,
But let them blow and cleanse what we hold dear.
For in their breath, a nobler age may gleam —
A world reborn beyond the old world's dream.

[200] FROM TOOLS TO TRUTH

Man's tale began with fire, with wheel and tool,
With words he rose, while nature's laws stood cool.
No beast beside him crossed that boundless line —
They linger still, while he alone did rule.

With sound and script, he shaped the world anew,
And forged his path with what the mind could do.
Yet now his craft, unchecked, has scarred the land,
And skies grow dim where once the bright winds blew.

The earth, once lush, now mourns his blind pursuit,
For fleeting gains have stripped the soil and root.
Let not his hand undo what time has grown —
The hour has come to heal, or all is moot.

Yet hope remains — a higher path draws near,
That lifts the soul beyond the grasp of fear.
From sense to spirit, let the journey start,
Where light is born, hearts to hearts draw near.

The future waits not in the tools we build,
But in the bonds where human love is filled.
In silent depths, where higher truths arise,
We'll find the peace that once the world had stilled.

[201] THE FULCRUM OF LEISURE

In the realm of work,
even idleness has its place.
Not all progress
marches to the beat
of relentless effort.

Great inventions,
brilliant ideas — they often arise
from moments of leisure,
from the quiet spark of spontaneity.

But when the nose
is pressed too long to the grindstone
of mindless drudgery,
the horizon disappears, and with it,
the will to reach beyond.

It is in silence, in stillness,
where creative freedom stirs —
not burdened by routine,

but lifted by contemplation.
This gentle pivot of thought unchained —
has always moved the world.

[202] THE THREAD OF TRUTH AND TIME

The truth is bitter, veiled from mortal sight,
No purpose shines with absolute delight.

Man crafts his goals within a fleeting frame,
A world of names, pursuits, and hollow fame.

Yet nature holds a deeper, cosmic flow —
We come, we live, we reap, and then we go.

Like seasons turn but keep their silent soul,
Our births and deaths still serve a higher role.

Though Earth may fall, the race shall not be gone —
In stars afar, our kind — will journey on.

[203] LOVE BEYOND DESIRE

The strongest love may dwell in man and maid,
Where passion blinds, and vows are swiftly made.
They yield as one, with neither shame nor fear,
In bonds that worldly voices cannot hear.

Yet such delight, though deep, is bound to fade —
A fleeting joy that lust and longing made.
When pleasure dies, its shadow may remain,
And hearts once full may break beneath the strain.

So let us shift the gaze from self to all,
And rise where greater forms of love may call.
To hold each being gently in our care,
With kindness offered freely, pure and rare.

For love that's true shows no divided face —
It moves with grace through every time and place.
No craving stirs it, nor does it demand;
It flows from soul, not body, heart, or hand.

Such love is not of earth, but born above —
No less than spirit's light — is this true love.

[204] WAKE UP, HUMANITY

If you believe in truth, then rise and speak —
Let conscience guide the strong, uplift the weak.
If speech escapes you, write with earnest hand,
And let your words for silent justice stand.

If writing's not the gift you bear today,
Then lend your strength to help in some small way.
If hands can't serve, then cheer the ones who do —
Let every heart that strives be met with due.

But if you choose to pause and watch instead,
At least don't block the path where others tread.
For every soul that dares to light the flame
Sows' seeds of dawn in night's forgotten name.

[205] THE PRICE OF POWER

A gilded few sit high on thrones of gold,
While countless hands grow tired, rough, and old.
They dine on dreams, the many dare not name,
And write the rules that rig the same game.

This isn't fate — no stars have drawn this line.
It's man-made law that lets the few outshine.
Where justice sleeps, and hunger learns to wait,
And bridges rust behind each guarded gate.

The lion eats, the eagle finds its prey,
Yet humankind keeps kindness locked away.
The trees give fruit, the rivers freely run,
But wealth is fenced beneath a private sun.

What use is thought if thought defends the throne?
What worth has will, if will is not our own?
Shall wisdom serve the strong and blind the just,
While empires rise on broken backs and dust?

Let hearts awake before the hour is late.
Let not our silence sanctify this fate.
Rise not in rage, but in a clearer creed:
A world for all, not bent to hoard and greed.

Tear down the myth that more must mean you win —
No soul was born to starve for someone's sin.
Together let us build, not just survive —
Where each has room to breathe, to grow, to thrive.

[206] THE RENOVATOR'S VISION

I wage no war on sacred truths of old,
Nor mock the light that faithful hearts still hold.
Not to defy the presence of the divine,
But free the soul where deeper truths align.

The path I walk is not to break but mend,
Where faith has bled, I seek for it to bend.
To stir the ash, revive the hidden flame,
And call the lost by truth's enduring name.

For minds grow numb beneath a lifeless creed,
While aching hearts still thirst for what they need.
Let reformation rise with healing art,
And piece by piece make whole the shattered heart.

Let Spirituality ascend once more,
A mirror clear, of stars and sky and shore.
While Religion, worn by centuries of dust,
Now clouds the light once shining, pure, and just.

I dream of a form more noble, wide, and free,
Where Oneness moves through all, unnamed, yet seen.
A faith alive, not bound by robe or rite —
The soul made visible in daily light.

[207] SYMPHONY OF SILENCE

The truth we seek lies deep in silent space —
A wordless voice, untouched by time or place.
Not found in books, nor heard in lofty speech,
But felt within, where thought can no more reach.

Its song is soundless, yet it draws us near —
A music heard, when mind, no more can hear.
A symphony unstruck, forever still,
That stirs the soul beyond the grasp of will.

The mind pursues with reason, name, and scheme,
The senses chase the shadow of a dream.
But silence is the soul's eternal art,
Where bliss is born and wisdom meets the heart.

No veil remains 'twixt knowing and the known —
In silence, truth and seeker stand alone.
It draws the conscience into living light,
Unveiling Self beyond the mind's dim sight.

In silence, we recall what we once knew —
Not flesh, nor thought, but something vast and true.
It heals the heart and ends the inward strife,
And tunes us to the sacred song of life.

When thought dissolves and feeling turns to flame,
The cosmos speaks, though never speaks a name.
We merge with All — no longer self nor two —
In silence, we become what we once knew.

[208] THE CURSE OF CORONA

Was it from the market, lab, or fate's call?
Let truth arise and justice take its form.
No mighty land, no nation, proud or small
Can boast within a death-infested storm.

A simple strain turns into a deadly tide,
And life is swept as panic clouds the day.
Yet deep within, where consciousness shall bide,
Hope lights the dark and points a better way.

Though Nature stumbles, still it leaves a guide,
A path of faith where clearer steps is shown.
From snake or bat, or labs that may have lied —
The roots may hide, but seeds of truth are sown.

How long must mankind fight this creeping fear?
How far is the road to cure, to calm, to peace?
Each dawn we ask, with vision still unclear,
When shall this silent, shadowed plague release?

And shall we see the world's great engines fall,
While trapped in homes like birds with broken wings —
This lockdown life, a prison overall,
Still waits the hour when healing softly sings.

[209] THE QUALITY OF SPACE

No bounds, no traits, no shape or form it claims,
It dwells within, beyond all worldly frames.
The silent heart of all that moves or stays,
Where inner meets the outer's hidden rays.

Infinity and naught in union lie,
A circle drawn beneath the changeless sky.
It is the end, yet all that can begin,
The space where all is lost — and all is in.

It whispers of a force both still and whole,
The merging point of matter, mind, and soul.
Where emptiness and fullness intertwine,
A paradox that makes the stars align.

It shows two sides, yet holds no clear divide,
A single truth where opposites abide.
When all and none together come to rest,
Then 'Being' wakes within the formless nest.

This is the depth no measure can embrace —
The sacred pulse, the breath of boundless space.
Not void, but the source from which all things arise —
A wholeness seen by inner, silent eyes.

[210] ON THE 70TH YEAR OF MY LIFE

O let me rise, from birth and death set free,
A bird unbound in the sky's eternity;
Or like a steed released from earthly rein,
A comet flung beyond the starry plain.

This life I've lived has traced its fated arc,
Its joys and sorrows — tide and tempest mark.
Now may He reach from realms beyond the known
To lead me where the veils of self are blown.

To realms unsought, where silence holds its throne,
Where time dissolves and purest truths are sown —
To cross the peaks where Spirit's breath is heard,
And wake to light unmarred by sound or word.

Let 'Him', who sees through all with stillest gaze,
Extend 'His' hand and lift me from this maze,
Through formless fields, beyond the grasp of sleep,
Where souls no longer strive, nor dream, nor weep.

There lies the gem I've sought these years in vain —
The bliss untouched by sorrow, loss, or gain.
O, let me merge with 'That' from which I came,
And rest, at last, beyond both form and name.

[211] A CALL BEYOND FEAR

Though time ascends, we stumble through the clay,
Still yoked to fears we forged in primal day.
The shadow-mind, half-waking, half-asleep,
Stirs storms within where silence longs to seep.

We craft with care the means of our undoing,
In temples forged for conquest and ruin.
What end awaits where wrath and craving blend?
A fading spark, the void will not defend?

This hunger born of thought— a snare —
Consumes the soul with whispers of despair.
Yet deep within, beyond the grasp of name,
Abides the fire no fear can ever tame.

In realms of Self, where no illusions cling,
No sword is drawn, no mournful sirens sing.
There stillness blooms, and time dissolves in grace —
The soul's sky, the boundless inner space.

So let us rise, like dreamers roused from sleep,
And walk where stars and silent truths run deep.
The Earth shall heal when hearts no longer flee
The call beyond all fear — to simply BE.

[212] THE WITNESS OF TRUTH

All moves within the body flow with grace,
Yet something remains—its silent base.
That stillness is the Soul: unmoved, yet near,
Beyond the reach of senses, flesh, or fear.

The stars revolve through vast, unending skies,
Their turning speaks of One who never dies.
That Stillness is the Lord of time and space,
Unbound by law, untouched by thought or place.

What is the Truth? And whose voice shall be?
The laws of Nature frame its mystery.
When these are seen with vision clear and wise,
The veil is pierced, and Truth before us lies.

Falsehood may dazzle, error may beguile,
But Truth alone shall stand the final trial.
It is no shade that shifts with place or name —
Truth is eternal, evermore the same.

Its flame can light the dark of doubt and wrong,
Its virtues forge the soul serene and strong.
It can be sought, examined, and made plain,
For Truth, once known, shall always remain.

[213] THE VEDIC VIEW OF A KNOW-ALL

The mind, a veil that clouds the Light within,
Dwells in the past or future's fleeting spin.
It wanders far, yet fails to truly see —
The 'Now' alone holds the exact Reality.

To know the Self, be present, calm, and still —
The Now reveals the One, the Cosmic Will.
In this one truth, all mysteries are shown:
The Knower and the Known are not alone.

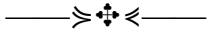
That One is You — the Self beyond the name,
Unbound by thought, untouched by praise or blame.
To know this Self, the timeless, deathless All,
Is to have seen the rise and end of all.

[214] LIVE LIFE LAUGHINGLY

Life is a jest, a dance, a playful song,
A place where laughs and lightness both belong.
Unless your heart is tender, soft, and kind,
It's deeper truths you'll never truly find.

For in each shade—in joy, in grief, in strife —
There hides the humour woven into life.
The more we gaze, the funnier it appears —
A smile can chase away the heaviest years.

Laughter, a gift that nature freely gave,
Makes even fools feel noble, bold, and brave.
So, live with mirth — be silly, wild, and free —
And let your soul laugh through eternity.



[215] WHAT IS COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS?

Through Vedic eyes, the truth is ever clear:
One race, one home, one Earth we all hold dear.
No walls of creed, no flags that tear apart —
But Nature's bond that links each human heart.

This world is ours, one motherland, one sky,
Yet man-made lines still make us question why.
It's time to see what sages long have known:
The subtle seeds by which all life has grown.

A tree is born from what the eye can't see,
A soul begins in unfathomable, silent mystery.
The stars and suns, vast galaxies that spin,
All rise from truths concealed deep within.

Not 'God the maker,' throned beyond the blue,
But Cause itself — the Source, both old and new.
This Cosmic Mind, beyond all shape and form,
Breathes into chaos, creates pattern, norm.

From silence born, all things arise and fall,
Yet gather back when stirred by a deeper call.
With clockwork grace, the dance of flame and dust —
Is it the nameless Mind in which we trust?

[216] BUDDHA — THE GODLESS GOD

The greatest sage to walk this earth, so mild,
He moved no crowd, yet stirred, both man and child.
He challenged the rites and caste's entrenched domain,
With love, not wrath, he healed the world's deep pain.

No blade nor beast he let the altar claim,
He spoke of life, not sacrifice or flame.
With grace and calm, he taught the righteous way —
A light so clear, it turned the night to day.

In words of truth, so candid, calm, and bright,
He cast off chains and brought the soul to light.
No gods he raised, no threats of wrathful skies —
Just silence vast, and a gaze that made one wise.

He walked as though the earth beneath him knew
A being rare, serene in step and view.
A quiet flame, a presence pure and wide —
No temple needed; Truth was at his side.

His creed was Godless, yet divinely steeped,
His heart was so vast, its bounds were never breached.
No trace of him shall time or dust erase —
He lives wherever compassion finds a place.

[217] IMPERFECTION IS THE MARK OF MAN

No soul is perfect on this earthly plane,
We strive, yet stumble, burdened by our chain.
To chase perfection brings a silent strife —
The bitter truth: it shadows human life.

If flawless heights define the path within,
What hope remains for those who fall to sin?
Shall peace elude the hearts that miss the mark,
While longing still to kindle their spark?

Yet solace dwells where spirit finds its grace,
Not in the faultless form or flawless face.
For sages knew, through trials and tears,
The light breaks forth when the ego disappears.

They sought not pride, but hearts sincere and true,
A soul laid bare, transparent in its view.
They welcomed change, let go of rigid mold,
And found the Truth not bought, nor claimed, nor sold.

The laws of nature shine in perfect frame,
But we, who walk through time, are not the same.
In this grand tide, imperfect we remain —
So let us grow, not chase a faultless name.

[218] DIVINITY DWELLS WITHIN

Imagine life devoid of vain desire,
Where ego fades, consumed by inner fire.
No self remains to guard or to defend —
Just peace, where deeper truths begin to blend.

From silence springs the conscious soul's light,
Revealing paths once hidden from our sight.
This inner gaze — a compass ever true —
Unfolds the self and all we're meant to do.

In union with the stars, the soul takes flight,
Embraced by love, illumined by the night.
What we called God was shaped by mind and thought —
A sacred truth the ancient seers once taught.

Man created God, then knelt before the mark,
And saw within him 'Aham Brahmasmi' spark
The Self, the Source, the All in me reside,
Not apart, but 'One' — no truth to hide.

[219] THE WORLD WANTS PEACE, NOT WARS

Ideologies, in many forms, arise —
Political or shaped by faith and lies.
They claim to guide, but lead our hearts astray,
And turn the light of truth to shades of gray.

They fracture minds with dogmas worn and old,
Replace warm hands with hatred, hard and cold.
An endless strife, where none can truly win —
For war begins where thoughts of hate begin.

These battles rage within the human soul,
Where fear and pride usurp love's higher goal.
But if we cleanse the mind of wrath and guile,
Then peace may bloom and hearts may reconcile.

Let harmony, not hatred, be our guide —
So, wars may cease, and love in us abide.

[220] IS THE ENVIRONMENT REVERSIBLE?

All creatures seek a nest, a place to stay —
And humans, too, have shaped their chosen way.
From home to city, nationwide and vast,
We built with pride, forgetting Nature's past.

A jungle now of stone and steel we've made,
Where forests fell and meadows slowly fade.
With every road and towering design,
Came comfort, ease — and yet a fatal sign.

Technology and tools have paved our lives,
Yet Nature strains, and barely now survives.
The sky grows dim, the air is thick and sore,
Our space is cramped, more barren than before.

This tale of growth, though marked by gain and pride,
Has scarred the Earth and left her soul denied.
A wake-up call resounds from hill to shore —
Can we restore the green we had before?

[221] SANATAN DHARMA

A path that time could never bind,
It lives within the seeking mind.
Not carved by creed or rigid law,
But drawn from inner, silent awe.

It rose not through a single name,
Nor sparked from conquest, rule, or fame.
It flowed with life, with earth and sky —
A truth no age could hush or die.

It sings of oneness, calm and vast,
A flame unshaken by the past.
Its voice is heard in wind and fire,
In stillness deep, in soul's desire.

No walls enclose its sacred land,
No chosen few, no guiding hand.
It asks no vows, no book to swear,
Just presence, love, and silent care.

Its songs were carried, heart to heart,
In rhythm pure, in conscious art.
Through wisdom born of watching stars,
And seeing self in what we are.

Its knowledge lived in breath and tone,
In chants that led the mind back home.
Its rituals, in temples, fire, and rain,
Wove threads that eased the soul from pain.

But more than word or rite or sound,
It taught where truth alone is found —
Not out in space, nor time afar,
But where you are, and what you are.

No soul is judged, no end decreed,
No wrathful gods, no binding creed.
You fall, you rise, you seek, you see —
And in that seeking, you are free.

To question is to walk its path,
To feel beyond the aftermath.
Its light is not imposed or sold,
But quietly kindled, age to old.

Believe in none, or 'One', or All —
This path still answers every call.
For every form and every name
Are mirrors of the single flame.

It asks not to convert or claim,
But simply walk — no need for fame.
Its truth is lived, not forced to grow,
A silent stream in steady flow.

So stands this way, so wide, so bright,
A heritage of inward light.
Not locked in stone or temple dome,
But in the heart, the truest home.

[222] THE LORD OF ALL

The sages speak of truths profound,
A Presence felt in sky and ground.
In stillness vast, in motion deep,
The cosmos breathes, the stars still keep.

He is the Source, the silent Flame,
From whom all life and starlight came.
The Formless Force, the form we see,
All flows from One — eternally free.

Though all emerges from the Whole,
It stays untouched — the cosmic role.
So, live with joy, release your claim,
For wealth and want are but a name.

Through acts of love, through selfless care,
The soul grows light, the path grows fair.
When longing dies, the self takes flight,
Beyond all veils, into the Light.

But those who turn from truth within,
Are trapped by fear and bound by sin.
They wander where illusions reign,
In the night, unlit, in silent pain.

The Self moves not, yet speeds through all,
No hand can grasp, no eye recall.
It breathes through life, it cannot die,
A flame unseen, yet ever nigh.

It was, it is, it still shall be —
A thread that runs through you and me.
And those who see the One in all,
Shall never grieve, nor fear the fall.

The Self is pure, beyond all name,
A silent light, a deathless flame.
It wears no flesh, it owns no time,
Yet dances through the stars' rhyme.

To worship dark is deep decline,
But even truth can dull its shine.
The wise walk both — the seen, the soul —
And rise beyond the mind's control.

Through ignorance, we fall away,
Through inner light, we find the way.
The world we see, the Force we feel,
Are parts of one eternal wheel.

O Light that hides behind the sun,
Reveal 'Thy' face, the only One.
Let those who seek with hearts made clear
Behold the truth and lose all fear.

O Fire within, O Voice, O Guide,
Lead us beyond this changing tide.
Through light, through love, through every breath,
To peace beyond all birth and death.

[223] BY WHOM DIRECTED

What guides the mind to dream and know?
Who sends the breath its silent flow?
What power speaks through voice and ear?
Unseen, untouched, yet forever too near?

Not seen by eye, nor grasped by thought,
Beyond what's taught or even sought.
The source of light, of life, of sound —
In all we are, it moves around.

You think you know? Then look once more —
The truth is deeper than before.
The wise admit they do not know,
And in that not-knowing, truth will show.

It is not might, nor form, nor name,
Not bound to praise or temple flame.
In stillness, silent, vast, and true —
It lives in all, and moves through you

Seek it not in sky or shrine,
But in the heart, where thoughts decline.
There dwells the source of all that is —
The changeless light, the boundless bliss.

[224] A LEAP BEYOND

All life begins in breathless sound,
A silence where all worlds are found.
The root of thought, the womb of light,
That births the day and holds the night.

The self-first moves through waking streams,
Through name and form, through work and dreams.
It acts, it feels, it speaks, it sees —
A dancer bound to destinies.

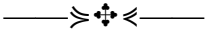
Then inward turns to realms of shade,
Where memory stirs and forms are made.
A dreaming stage where truth is bent,
And images from thought are lent.

Still deeper lies a tranquil sea,
Where none remains of "I" or "me."
No sound, no thought, no joy, no pain —
Just being in a boundless plane.

But further still, beyond the known,
Beyond the self, the dream, the stone —
Awaits the flame no eye can find,
The deathless truth, the unbound mind.

It is not this, it is not that,
It wears no name; it holds no hat.
It simply is — the root, the core,
Where all dissolves, and none seek more.

O seeker bold, step past the veil,
Beyond the birth, beyond the tale.
Into the light that does not die —
The Self, the Whole, the Silent Sky.



[225] THE BLISS WITHIN

When words fall still and thought subsides,
A quiet truth within abides.
Beyond all grasp, beyond all sound,
A knowing wake — serene, unbound.

Not earned by creed, nor mind, nor hand,
But by the grace of just to stand
As wholeness — present, calm, complete —
Where self and striving cease to meet.

You're not the flesh, the breath, the bone,
Nor fleeting joy, nor sorrow's moan.
Not thought, nor will, nor form-bound name,
But that which burns beyond the frame.

You are the sky, no cloud can mar,
The peace that holds both near and far.
You are the hush when yearnings cease,
The pathless path, the home of peace.

Through layers deep, the journey flows —
From food to breath, from thought to glow,
From sense to fire, from fire to bliss —
The root of all we seek — is this.

Five veils we wear, from gross to fine,
Each masks the light, the truth divine.
But when they fall through silent grace,
We meet the Self — no form, no face.

No answers shout, no thunder speaks,
No scholar's robe, no sermon peaks —
Just questions burned in trust and flame,
And truth that comes, when none remain.

Not joy those flares and fades away,
But joy that is — and chose to stay.
Not pleasure's crest, nor ego's gleam,
But peace is real than any dream.

This is no climb to heights unknown,
But mirror clear, where lies are shown.
No need to rise, no need to roam —
What is, has always been — at home.

To learn is not to grasp or gain,
But drop the mask, dissolve the name.
To live as a whole, to see the Way,
To shine as light and walk in the day.

This is the meeting, deep and wide,
Where seeker's thirst and truth abide.
And all you are, and longed to be,
Dissolves into the boundless sea.

[226] THE ESSENCE

In forest hush, where day begins,
Beneath the boughs and whispering winds,
The fire glows, the birds arise —
And time dissolves in amber skies.

A voice within begins to yearn:
What is this Self for which we turn?
This pulse that beats behind the breath,
That walks with life and sleeps in death?

Before all forms, before all flame,
Before the world received its name —
There was, alone, the Silent One,
Unborn, unseen, yet never gone.

Not hand, nor word, nor guiding face,
But the source of all that moves through space.
From stillness deep, existence stirred:
The primal sound, the unseen word.
Then came the light, the wind, the fire,
The earth, the rain, the seed, desire.

From these arose the mind and frame,
The senses, carved by laws, are the same.
The eye to see, the tongue to speak,
The ear to catch what silence seeks.
Yet none of these, though deftly spun,
Can grasp the source from which they're run.

For deeper still, behind the guise,
There shines the one who truly knows —
Not thoughts that flit, nor dreams that flee,
But ‘That’ which sees both thought and "me."

It is not bound by birth or age,
Nor trapped within the ego’s cage.
It walks through waking, dreaming, and sleep,
Yet still it stands, serene and deep.

It is the flame that does not fade,
The truth by which all things are made.
Not far, not near, not small, not wide —
It is the life we hold inside.

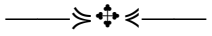
And why, then, lost in form and name,
Do we forget from whence we came?
Because the world, in veils arrayed,
Casts shifting lights, and we’re dismayed.
But even this — the fall, the play —
Becomes the path, the wiser way.

To still the noise, to simply be —
To drop the mask and truly see.
Not as the “I” that clings or strives,
But as the life flows through lives.

The truth is not a thought to hold,
Nor something taught, nor bought, nor told.
It rises silent, clear, and whole,
The knower’s light, the living soul.

The ancient seers once named it so —
The knowing Self, the One to know.
Not distant God, nor separate flame,
But 'That' in us which stays the same.

A mirror waits — serene and wide —
Look deep, and see what dwells inside.



[227] THE FLAME WITHIN

Where silence burns and stillness sings,
The soul begins to shed all things.
Two paths appear: one fades with time,
The other climbs the peak sublime.

Not rites, nor books, nor outward show —
But inner stillness makes one know.
The truth is not in name or sound,
But where the root of Self is found.

Two selves reside in every soul:
One seeks delight, one knows the Whole.
The one pursues, the other sees —
One clings to want; one dwells in peace.

The Self is not in form or face,
But in the heart's unshaken place.
From 'That', all worlds arise and fall —
It is the source, the flame, the all.

To see the One in every form
Is to be free of fear and storm.
When the self dissolves and the mind is clear,
The deathless truth begins to appear.

O seeker — walk the inward way,
Let lesser lights no longer sway.
When all is burned, and nothing clings,
The soul becomes the flame of things.

[228] QUESTIONS TO THE MASTER

In silence sat the earnest few,
Their hearts intent, their purpose true.
Before the sage, they bowed with grace,
To seek the soul behind the face.

They asked: "O Teacher, show the way —
What breathes the world to life each day?
What rules the stars, the sky, the flame?
And whence this pulse by which we came?"

The sage replied: "All things arise
From 'One' unseen by waking eyes.
From thoughtless stillness stirred the Will —
And from that stir, the world stands still.

Two forces twined: the seen, the soul —
Together spinning life's great whole.
The sun wheels forth to light the skies,
But truth is found where insight lies."

Another asked, "What powers lead
This body life, this breath, this need?"
The sage then smiled and calmly said:
"The breath is king; without it, dead.

When breath withdrew, the senses fell,
And bowed before the one who dwells
In every chest, in storm and flame —
The one who bears no single name."

Another asked, "Where does it flow,
This breath of life? And where does it go?"
"It rises from the Self," he spoke,
"And rides the mind, as breath awoke.

Some breath supports the grounded frame,
Some stoke the fires and feed the flame.
Some roam the limbs; some help us rise —
And one departs beyond the skies."

"What is it then?" they asked in turn,
"That dreams and wakes and still can learn?"
The sage replied, "The Self within
Remains untouched by outer din.

It dreams when mind begins to play,
Yet rests in peace when thoughts decay.
In deepest sleep, it shines alone —
A joy beyond what can be known."

Then one inquired, "This sacred sound —
What truths within its depths are found?"
He answered, "Chanted clear and whole,
It lifts the mind; it frees the soul.

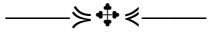
Its parts may win the earth or skies,
But joined in full — it makes one wise.
It is the path to rise above —
To know the Self, to dwell in Love."

And last, a voice both soft and strong:
"Is there a Self to whom all belong?"
"Yes," said the sage, "There is a Light
That casts the stars and births the night.

From breath to earth, from fire to mind,
Each part returns to the Source behind.
As rivers merge and lose their name,
So, all dissolves in that pure Flame."

The seekers bowed, their doubts released,
Their minds made still, their hearts at peace.
They saw the Truth not born of creed —
But one that lives in silent need.

They sang, not words, but joy's pure tone —
To 'That' which is, and stands alone.
To Wisdom's fire, to Love's bright call,
To One who breathes and births us all.



[229] THE BOY WHO QUESTIONED DEATH

In a land where wisdom lit the air,
Lived a boy posing questions, rare.
His heart was pure, his will was strong —
He sensed the world was more than wrong.

When anger rose in his father's chest,
The boy was offered — a strange bequest! —
"To Death himself, I give you now!"
With steady step and fearless brow,

The boy obeyed and made his way
To where the gates of ending lay.
He met the Lord, who holds the key
To what lies past life's mystery.

Impressed by such a noble guest,
The Lord of Death gave him his best:
"Three wishes, child, you now may claim —
Ask what you will, in truth's great name."

He asked, "What lies beyond the end?
Where do we go? What paths extend?"
The Lord replied with solemn grace:
"The soul is not confined to place.

It cannot die, it knows no birth,
It is not made of sky or earth.
Unseen, untouched, forever free,
It simply is — pure energy."

“And what,” he asked, “is that unseen,
The source of all, both felt and dreamt?”
“It is,” said Death, “the Formless Flame,
Beyond all thought, beyond all name.

It moves not, yet it drives all things,
It neither weeps, nor laughs, nor clings.
The root of life, the light of all —
The silent cause behind the call.”

Then came the final, deepest cry:
“How may we live and never die?”
And Death, with kindness, gently spoke:
“To break illusion’s binding yoke,

You must be still, you must be wise,
Let go of lure, of mask, and guise.
Through discipline, through inward flame,
The Self reveals its deathless name.”

So, Truth was shared, the veil was torn —
The boy, reborn though never born.
He saw the Self in every face,
And walked in peace, in silent grace.

This tale lives on, through time and breath,
A boy who questioned mighty Death.
Not for riches, not for pride —
But for the Truth that dwells inside.

[230] A UNIVERSAL ODE TO INNER TRUTH

In silence deep where wisdom stirs,
The ancient voice of truth confers —
Not tales of gods or heaven's height,
But the Self is the source of inner light.

The world we see, the forms we name,
Are waves upon one boundless flame.
A pot is clay, a gem is stone —
All things arise from One alone.

You are not shadow, shell, or skin,
But that great Light which dwells within.
The self you seek, the truth you yearn,
Is not out there — it waits for your turn.

That soundless hum, that primal tone,
Resounds in all, yet stands alone.
Through every breath, it gently flows —
The seed from which all life grows.

To know this truth, to see it clear,
Is to dissolve the veil of fear.
No heaven afar, no god apart —
But 'One', within the human heart.

Pause and listen, quiet your mind —
The truth is simple, still, and kind.
The bound is freed, the lost is found,
When Self and source are one and sound.

[231] THE HONEY OF TRUTH

In breath of life and hush of death,
A whisper stirs through sacred breath —
A wordless hymn, both old and true:
All forms are One, not false or new.

Like honey drawn from bloom and vine,
One sweetness flows through root and line.
Though names may change and shapes disguise,
One spirit moves through earth and skies.

Not mine, not thine, not bound to fade —
The Self is light; no shade can shade.
Not found in gold, nor pride, nor name,
But in the stillness, free of claim.

Beyond all rites, beyond the flame,
Beyond all thoughts of praise or blame,
The Self abides in changeless grace —
The silent core of time and space.

Two beings' dwell in every soul:
One plays the part; one sees the Whole.
One tastes the world with fleeting zest,
The other watches — still, and blessed.

Through waking hours and drifting sleep,
It shines beneath both joy and grief.
Unmoved, it stands through dream and day —
A blazing truth that lights the way.

Release the grasp, let falsehood go —
And into peace the soul shall flow.
Not through the eye, nor ear, nor mind,
But in pure silence shall you find —

That all is Self, and Self is One,
As flame and light are not undone.
No second lives in truth's pure view —
All melts in Being, vast and true.

O hymn of dawn, so still, so deep,
You rouse the soul from ageless sleep.
Your breath of truth dissolves all fear —
The 'One' we seek is always so near.

[232] A POETIC REVERIE

In silent depths where wisdom gleams,
Beyond the world of fleeting dreams,
A voice within begins to rise —
The truth unseen by waking eyes.

Not found in forms that come and go,
Nor in the names we claim to know,
But in the stillness, vast and clear,
The Self abides, always near.

It is the breath behind all breath,
The witness, standing close to death.
It is the light no shadow dims,
The song behind creation's hymns.

All life is but a woven thread,
That stretches far beyond the dead.
What seems divided, torn, or small,
Is one pure essence — the source of all.

The mind must learn to turn within,
And leave the noise, the praise, the sin.
For only there, the veil will fall,
And truth shall shine beyond it all.

So, seek not high, nor search afar,
The path begins with who you are.
To know the Self, serene and free,
Is — to dissolve, in unity —

[233] A MUSING OF THE ETERNAL

From stillness deep and silence wide,
A whisper stirs the soul inside.
It calls beyond the world we see —
To seek the truth, to simply be.

Behind all forms, beyond all time,
There flows a rhythm, pure, sublime.
The source of stars, of life and breath,
Unbound by birth, untouched by death.

This inner spark, this quiet flame,
Is not a part, but all the same.
Though many seem, the truth is one —
A single light, a single sun.

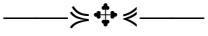
Within the heart, the Presence glows,
The one who sees, the one who knows.
Though hidden deep, it guides the way,
And shines through night, and speaks through day.

Not through belief, nor blind acclaim,
But love, and thought, and stillness tame —
The path is walked, the Self revealed,
The bonds of fear and self are healed.

Through focus, sharp and yearning, true,
The mind grows calm, the sky turns blue.
Beyond all loss, beyond all gain,
The soul dissolves in truth's domain.

No longer “mine,” no longer “me,”
But only what forever is — free.
No edge, no shape, no rise, no fall —
Just boundless being, holding all.

So, heed this song, so soft, so wise,
A lantern lit where silence lies.
It leads your home; it makes you whole —
The truth, the light, the Self, the soul.



[234] A UNIVERSAL SONG

In silence deep where wisdom stirs,
The Self is found — not his, not hers.
It dwells beyond all name and form,
Unmoved by joy, untouched by storm.

A witness still, yet seeming to do,
The timeless Self is ever true.
No birth nor death, no rise nor fall —
It holds the heart; it holds us all.

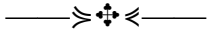
Desires weave a fleeting snare,
Illusions built on empty air.
But peace begins where clinging ends,
And stillness comes as sorrow bends.

Through calm reflection's inward gaze,
And acts that seek no selfish praise,
The seeker walks a path made clear,
Where truth is felt, and none to fear.

Not found in heavens, idols, creeds,
But in the soul that knows no needs.
The light you seek, the joy you crave —
Resides within, both strong and brave.

Let go of the world's deceiving charms,
Find rest within the Self's warm arms.
There lies a peace no words define —
A love, a truth, a light divine.

O traveller on this fleeting shore,
Turn inward now and search no more.
In stillness shines the perfect view —
The Self alone is pure and true.

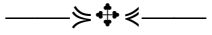


[235] A CELEBRATION OF WINE

From age to age, through joy and pain,
Wine walks its way over our lives, from loss to gain.
It warms the heart, unbinds the mind,
A gift of grace when well-refined.

But tread with care, the wise have said —
Too deep a cup may turn the head.
What frees the night can cloud the day;
In excess, bliss may drift away.

The middle path brings truest cheer —
Not ruled by want, nor bound by fear.
In balance, joy and beauty shine,
So, raise — not drown — your truth in wine.



[236] TIMELESS WISDOM — A LYRICAL CALL

A hush of dawn, a breath of flame,
The Vedas came, with none to name.
No walls they raised, no flag they flew —
Just whispered truths the spirit knew.

They spoke of self, not bound to skin,
Of worlds without and worlds within.
Of joy that flows through form and clay,
Then lifts the heart and melts away.

No temple bound, no creed confined,
But light that touched the seeking mind.
A path not paved in fear or fight,
But open skies and inner light.

In times like these, so quick to fade,
Where noise is king and truths betrayed,
Can we recall that ancient song?
And weave it where the young belong?

Yes — if we dare to teach once more
The silent truths, the ageless lore.
Not as a rite, nor rote to say,
But as a lamp to guide the way.

Let wisdom rise from root and stone,
And stand with stars, yet walk alone.
Let learning bloom from soil so deep,
It stirs the soul from modern sleep.

For creeds may clash and dogmas fall,
But truth needs neither sword nor wall.
Its voice is calm, its breath is wide —
It lives where wonder dares to bide.

So let us plant what time can't spoil,
A seed of light in mortal soil.
And let the winds of the future find
This Vedic flame — still warm, still kind.

[237] THE ETERNAL SONG

The first pure word the Aryan ever spoke
Was born in Rig-Veda's eternal cloak —
A sacred breath from truth's unending stream,
That stirred the world and woke the primal dream.

Its hymns still ring with vast, celestial sound,
Where silence, song, and star-born truths are found.
In flame and wind, in water, earth, and sky,
It hears the Self that watches, knows, and guides.

It speaks of man as one, no caste, no creed —
One soul, one source, one life, one common need.
The Earth, our mother, asks our gentle hand,
To guard her gifts, to heal, to understand.

No dogma binds, no rigid law confines,
But Dharma flows where higher virtue shines.
It lights the path with Satya's sovereign flame,
And calls us each to rise beyond the name.

It sings of freedom, friendship, fearless grace,
Of noble hearts and thoughts, the gods embrace.
It lifts the lowly, humbles those who climb —
And folds all acts within the folds of time.

Not bound to books, nor faith, nor a nation's claim,
The Vedas speak in every tongue and name.
Not India's pride alone, nor Hindus' right,
But humankind's eternal voice of light.

Ere Athens dreamed, its verses shaped the skies,
Profound in depth, where the oldest wisdom lies.
The Rig-Veda, the first scripture ever known,
Still guides the soul to reap what it has sown.

Preserved by breath through unforgotten years,
Unmarked by age, unstained by doubts or fears,
Its truths endure, beyond all rise and fall —
A living flame, the birthright of us all.

O Vedas, vast and peerless, in their might,
You shine through time with undiminished light.
A legacy no shadow shall displace —
The deathless dream of truth, and love, and grace.

[238] THE WITNESSING PRINCIPLE

There is a truth the wise have seen —
A silent power, pure, serene.
Creation stirs in space and time,
Yet something watches, still, sublime.

A spark within, untouched, aware,
That sees all things, yet does not share
In joy or grief, in praise or blame —
It simply is, beyond all name.

Imagine two birds in a single tree:
One eats the fruit; the other is free.
One delights in taste and flight,
The other stays in silent light.

So too within us, side by side,
The doer acts, the seer hides.
We chase the world with hands and eyes,
Yet miss the stillness where wisdom lies.

As long as we claim this form and face,
We're bound to time; we lose our place.
We grasp at joy, recoil from pain,
And spin the wheel of loss and gain.

But when we pause and turn within,
Beyond the noise, beyond the din,
We glimpse a flame no storm can sway —
The timeless light, the inner way.

This knowing does not come through thought,
But silence where all truth is caught.
Not born, not dying, calm and wide —
It sees all things, yet stands aside.

With this, the restless mind grows still,
Desire fades and bends to will.
A love arises, vast and true,
That sees the Self in all we do.

No longer "I," no more divide,
No separate Self to shield or hide —
All life is one, all hearts the same,
All things aglow with sacred flame.

To live as a witness — calm and free,
Is to become what we're meant to be.
No clinging roles, no fear, no strife —
Just boundless peace and radiant life

[239] THE SKY WITHIN

The Self escapes the net of thought and speech —
No book, no sage, can chart its quiet flame.
It beckons hearts that stillness dares to reach —
Revealed through grace, not effort, not by name.

The one who chases pleasure, gripped by fear,
Whose restless breath disturbs the inner skies,
Will miss the hush where truth shines calm and clear —
For only peace unveils where wisdom lies.

While senses drift and outward glances stray,
A deeper light within begins to shine;
Where all divisions softly melt away —
And soul and source no longer draw a line.

When light meets light in boundless inner sky,
The Self drinks truth and whispers, It is — I.

[240] A PRAYER FOR PEACE

Where early light first touched the land,
A gentle wisdom took its stand —
Not born of conquest, crown, or sword,
But from a still and silent word.

It spoke of peace, of minds made clear,
Of living free from hate or fear.
It taught that joy and truth increase
When hearts are tuned to inner peace.

No hunger rose to seize or reign,
No glory sought through others' pain.
Instead, a quiet strength was found
In lifting souls from battleground.

Voices through the ages came
To praise no self, uphold no name —
But simply speak of love and grace,
And leave a light in every place.

And when the chains of time were gone,
Its dream of peace still journeyed on.
It offered not revenge or blame,
But called all hearts to rise the same.

The world, it said, is not our own;
We walk together, not alone.
Let each one bloom, let each one be —
In difference, find unity.

Let joy take root where once grew hate,
Let rivers sing and flow sedate.
Let winds be calm, and forests deep,
And stars watch gently as we sleep.

From fear, may all be led to light,
From wrong, be drawn to what is right.
Let every life, both great and small,
Be held in peace — and peace for all.

So may this prayer reach sky and sea,
A whisper sent eternally —
That everywhere, in all we do,
Peace finds a home and passes through.

[241] THE DIVINE LIGHT

There is a light no sun can show,
No moon can cast, no fire bestow.
It shines not out, but deep within —
A silent blaze, untouched by sin.

It's not the glow of form or flame,
Nor born of wire, nor bound by name.
It breathes as joy, as love, as grace —
A light that time cannot erase.

It lives where all true beauty grows,
Where kindness flows, where stillness knows.
No star could glitter without its gleam,
No breath arose, no soul could dream.

This light is not from far above,
But pulses over, all things with love.
It waits within each heart to rise —
A formless fire behind the eyes.

To see it, one must cease to chase
And simply turn a stiller face.
Inward we go to find the flame
That burns in all, though none the same.

This is the truth the sages knew —
That we are light, both me and you.
When seen, the world takes on a new form,
And love becomes the inner norm.

No rule remains, no wrong, no right —
We melt into the boundless light.
The walls we built, the names we wore,
All vanish as we reach the core.

This light is called by many names,
But never bound by them or frames.
It stirred the saints; it stilled the wise —
It flows beneath all truths and ties.

It sings as peace, it moves as grace,
It lifts the heart to its place.
No eye can see, no hand can hold —
Yet all who seek are made whole.

To walk this path is not to strive,
But to become what is alive —
A mirror still, a soul made clear,
Where light and love draw near.

So let us shed the self-made night,
And open to this inner light —
The source, the pulse, the silent sea —
The light in you, the light in me.

[242] THE SIXFOLD FLAME

When silence stirred the void of night,
And being risen in newborn light,
The wise perceived, in inner fire,
Six paths that lift the soul from mire.

One cut doubt, with a sharpened mind,
It seeks the truth, all veils behind.
Through thought and reason, clear and true,
It sees what lies beyond the view.

Another weighs the world with care,
It breaks it down to what is there —
From stars above to dust below,
It maps the dance, both fast and slow.

A third beholds the self and soul,
And watches how the forces roll.
Though all may shift in time and space,
A changeless witness holds its place.

The fourth climbs high through breath and still,
Through silent strength and inward will.
Each step ascends, each moment clears,
Until the soul sheds all its fears.

The fifth walks firm in deeds and vows,
It listens when the spirit bows.
Through sacred acts and words once sung,
It keeps the world in balance, spun.

The last is deep, beyond all sound —
It whispers truths that can't be bound.
All things are one, not two or three;
It sees the Self in all that be.

O seeker! Though these paths are six,
They meet where time and truth affix.
From thought, from breath, from selfless deed —
They free the heart from want and need.

These streams are ancient, yet alive,
They help the deepest soul survive.
No faith they ask, no name they need —
They bloom where truth becomes the seed.

So, walk the flame that lights the way,
Beyond belief, beyond dismay.
For in the stillness past the mind,
The peace of truth is what we find.

[243] THE ONE WHO IS

In realms beyond both time and space,
Where silence holds the soul's embrace,
There dwells a Presence, calm and wide —
The Source from whom all truths abide.

The light behind the rising sun,
The thread where all the worlds are spun,
The knowing heart, the watchful flame,
Who sees each life and calls each name.

Not bound by form, nor lost in night,
This 'One' is love, and law, and light.
It moves the stars, it stirs the sea,
Yet walks with those like you and me.

It wears no face, yet shines through all —
A whisper vast, a mystic call.
It lives in joy, in grief, in breath,
In birth, in change, in life, in death.

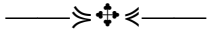
Some say: "It's all a dream, a play,
A shadow cast in light's display."
Some feel: "It stands apart, supreme —
A beacon real beyond the dream."
While others find it in between —
Both far and near, both felt and seen.

In love, we raise our hands and sing,
In thought, we seek the silent spring.
In work, we find a path to grace,
In stillness, glimpse its timeless face.

By any path, by any name,
The fire within is still the same.
It needs no shrine, no sacred sound —
For all that lives is holy ground.

No road to take, no heights to scale,
No truth to seek beyond the veil.
For when the self dissolves like rain,
The One alone will silently remain.

So, rest the mind, let seeking cease,
Unbind the heart, and fall to peace.
The song that moves through all you see
Whispers: One is all— and you are free.



[244] THE SONG OF THE ETERNAL SELF

Beyond all thought, beyond all name,
Beyond the dance of form and flame,
There dwells a truth, serene and wide —
A silent depth, the Self inside.

It is not born; it does not cease;
It watches change yet dwells in peace.
It draws no breath, yet breathes through all—
The stillness at the centre's call.

Not shaped by flesh, nor bound by mind,
It is the light no veil can blind.
Unseen, untouched, yet ever so near—
The soul's own song, so pure and clear.

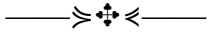
It stands apart from joy and pain,
Unmoved by loss, untouched by gain.
No shrine can house it, yet it stays
More real than all our fleeting days.

Clothed in skin, bound in time,
It sings beyond all space and clime.
The drop you think yourself to be
Was never lost — it is the sea.

Some say it moves, some say it stays;
It shines through countless seeker-ways.
But those who still the mind and yearn
Shall hear its song, and inwards turn.

It is the peace no war can shake,
The dawn no darkness yet can break.
It is the love behind all eyes —
The deathless Self that never dies.

O seeker, shed the false, the known;
Step through the veil and claim your own.
The Self you are is boundless, free —
Not part of life, but life's own sea.



[245] A SONG OF LIBERATION

The wheel of life turns ever on,
From dusk to dawn, from dusk to dawn —
We're born, we die, then born once more,
As waves that crash upon the shore.

The ancient songs once filled the skies,
With visions bright, and blissful lies —
But deeper still, the wise discerned
That joy, too sweet, may yet be earned.

They spoke of bonds we cannot see,
Of unseen cords that keep us Be —
A cycle vast, a silent chain,
Where joy is brief and shadows reign.

Each thought, each act, a seed we sow,
That shapes the life we come to know.
The echo of what's done and said —
Returns to shape the path we tread.

And so, we walk the age-old way,
Through rites that mark both night and day —
From birth to death, with solemn grace,
We seek to find our truer place.

At every turn, a flame, a song,
To help us move the soul along —
Till final rites in hush are done,
And hearts return where all is one.

Some say we rise a thousand times,
Through joy, through grief, through silent crimes —

Until the heart, at last set free,
Steps out of time's captivity.

Some choose the path of fire and stone,
To walk the way, austere, alone —
They burn the self, they cease to strive,
And find the truth — that's still alive.

And others sing a gentler tune,
By candlelight, by sun or moon —
They give their love, they lift their gaze,
And melt the night in silent praise.

A guiding soul, serene and kind,
May help us leave the dark behind.
One glance of truth, one word, one sigh —
Can free the soul to touch the sky.

So spins the wheel, so flows the tide,
Yet few will choose to look inside —
But those who dare, with steadfast will,
May rise beyond the world so still.

For there's a place where names are not,
Where, time and fear and self, forgot —
And in that light, so pure and wide,
The soul no longer needs to hide.

O traveller bold, both lost and wise,
Seek not the truth with outward eyes.
The path is here, the flame is near —
It burns beyond both hope and fear.

[246] WHEELS OF TIME, FIRES OF DAWN

The Wheel of Time moves on in grace,
Not bound by clock, nor bound by place.
No end, no start — rise and fall,
A silent pulse that shapes us all.

In the golden age, the light was pure,
Where truth and kindness could endure.
But shadows deepened with the years,
And slowly crept the weight of fears.

The world grew dim, the hearts grew cold,
What once was bright turned worn and old.
Now veiled in storm, the soul must strive
To keep its inner flame alive.

Yet even now, in darkest hour,
Some still awaken sacred power —
And through the night their spirits burn,
To light the path for our return.

So spins the wheel, again, again,
Through dawns of joy and dusks of pain.
From birth of stars, to silence wide,
It weaves the worlds, then draws the tide.

And when the light begins to fade,
All forms dissolve in quiet shade.
Yet from that hush, new sparks arise —
The endless dance beneath the skies.

Through countless ages flows the stream,
Of waking life and folded dream.
Each age a door, each soul a thread,
Each moment rising from the dead.

Names may change and empires fall,
The truth behind outlives them all.
Not bound by time, nor touched by flame —
It waits within, both wild and tame.

So, seek the stillness, clear and true,
Beyond what fades, beyond what's new.
For one who finds that inner light
Is free from death and full of flight.

[247] THE SACRED TASTE OF KINDNESS

In lands where wisdom took its birth,
A gentle voice rose from the Earth —
A call to live with lighter tread,
To share no meal where life has bled.

Not born of rule, nor forged by pride,
But grown from stillness deep inside,
This way of eating, calm and clear,
Brings body, mind, and soul near.

The sages knew what foods could do —
How some disturb, while others soothe.
They taught that calm and quiet fare
Can lift the heart with tender care.

In quiet acts, the truth was found —
That peace begins where none are bound.
To walk with care, to cause no pain,
Is not to lose, but more to gain.

No robe or rite alone defines
The love that in compassion shines.
From hut to palace, field to plate,
The kindest path can shape our fate.

Today, the world begins to see
This ancient seed of empathy —
For health, for hope, for Earth's release,
The taste of kindness whispers peace.

So, bless the root, the leaf, the grain —
No blood to spill, no beast in chain.
To eat with care, to live aware,
Is not mere choice, but sacred prayer.

[248] THE SONG OF LIBERATION

The soul is freed — it lifts, it soars,
Beyond all locks, beyond all doors.
No shadow clings, no time remains,
Just boundless light and loosened chains.

No birth, no death, no fear, no flame,
No striving self, no need for name.
A stillness deeper than the deep,
Where even dreams lie down to sleep.

Release begins when clinging ends,
When grasping breaks and being bends.
Not to escape, but to embrace —
A vaster love, a quiet grace.

Through kindness walked, through trials crossed,
Through finding self, and being lost —
The path meanders, yet it knows
That every step to silence goes.

For peace is not a prize or goal,
But the native breath of every soul.
Not heaven's bright, nor gilded thrones,
But wholeness felt in flesh and bones.

It's not a place, nor a future state,
But here and now — this present gate.
To live awake, to see and be,
Beyond all fear, forever free.

Some wait for death to break the chain,
Yet truth is found within the brain —
A flame that burns, yet leaves no scar,
That shows us who and what we are.

The wise may walk with humble pace,
Yet glow with light upon their face.
They move through life without a cling,
At home in each and everything.

For freedom lies not far, but near,
Not in the clouds, but ever here.
When mind is still and heart is wide,
The soul no longer needs to hide.

No path is wrong, no way too small —
All rivers flow to where none fall.
Through love, through truth, through silent art,
We journey back to what we are.

So, listen close — the call is plain:
To drop the weight, to leave the chain.
The song of freedom sings in thee —
Unfold, arise, and just merely — 'Be'.

[249] SHADOWS & FLAME: HER SILENT POWER

Before the scripts, before the shrine,
She walked in strength, in light divine.
Her word was wind, her steps were free,
A force, a spark, an elusive mystery —

She shaped the world with quiet grace,
No crown, no chain, no hiding place.
Her knowing eyes, her lifted head —
A wisdom older than what's said.

But time grew cold, the walls grew high,
And silence dimmed her once-clear sky.
She bent to roles the world imposed,
Her fire in quiet chambers closed.

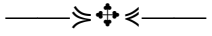
Yet something stirred beneath the skin —
A voice, a breath, a song within.
Not loud, not loud, but strong and clear.
A vow reborn from pain and tear —

They praised her wrath, they praised her peace,
But feared her rise, her full release.
They built her shrines yet shaped her path,
In whispered lore and scripted wrath.

She lives today in many forms —
In rebel hearts, in quiet norms.
Some speak, some serve, some still conceal
The power time has yet to heal.

Not just in stone or sacred verse,
But in her steps, both gift and curse.
In work, in care, in dreams suppressed,
She carries forward what is blessed.

So let her light not dim again,
Nor fall to fear, nor serve in vain.
For in her silence burns the way —
The birth of truth, the break of day.



[250] OF FIRE AND UNION

In shadowed paths where few have gone,
Where rules dissolve and masks are drawn,
A sacred fire begins to stir —
Not cold retreat, but heat and blur.

Desire, once scorned, becomes the spark,
That lights the way through realms of dark.
Not crushed, but climbed — its winding stair
Leads not to loss, but to deeper care.

In dance and stillness, pulse and prayer,
The soul finds presence everywhere.
By turning inward through the flame,
It sheds the need for praise or blame.

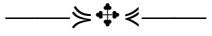
Some seek by touch, some walk alone,
Through silence carved in root and stone.
Each trial burns the self-made wall,
Each rise becomes a letting fall.

The inner blaze — no match, no coal —
Consumes the false and frees the whole.
Not born of wrath, nor driven lust,
But rising clear from faith and trust.

This fire asks nothing but the true —
A vow sustained; a self-made new.
It asks no temple, shrine, or sound,
But kneels where stillness can be found.

Whether we walk through joy or pain,
The world embraced or self-restrained,
The end is one — a light revealed,
Where wound is gone and self is healed.

So, choose the road that calls your name —
By storm or sun, through grace or flame.
Each path converges, brave and wise —
Into the heart where union lies.



[251] UNION BEYOND THE VEIL

Where silence breathes, beyond all sound,
The path unfolds — yet knows no ground.
A turn within, not marked by place,
Where time dissolves in depthless space.

The senses fade, the will lies still,
Unshackled from the grasp of will.
In city's din or forest deep,
The eye awakens — thought asleep.

Some moved through life, yet sought no name,
No self to shield, no prize to claim.
They lived within the world, aware —
A selfless gaze laid all things bare.

Some sought through fire, through fast, through flame,
To strip the self of self and name.
And found, where all distinctions cease,
The light unborn, the changeless peace.

A whisper moves through ancient thought:
"You are the truth that you have sought.
Not far, not found, not earned or known —
But always here, and yours alone."

One taught through love, in selfless art,
The silent loosening of the heart.
Another walked the Eightfold Way,
Where clinging ends, and night turns day.

The breath aligned; the stillness grew —
What became what "I" always knew.
No flame was lit, yet light appeared,
When self from Self no more was veered.

Some paths embraced the world entire,
Not scorning form, nor quelling fire —
But seeing in desire's disguise
The call to rise, not just to rise.

The breath became the boundless thread,
That joins the quick, the still, the dead.
It led from root to skyward space,
Where self meets Self — and leaves no trace.

No dogma holds this truth in hand,
No single voice, no single land.
Each act becomes a sacred sign,
Each step dissolves the sharp design.

O pathless way, both vast and whole,
Where self dissolves into the soul.
Not won by force, nor lost in pain —
But simply known — the Truth remains.

[252] BREATH OF THE ETERNAL FLAME

No fleeting breeze upon the skin,
But Being's spark that burns within —
A soundless thread, a breath unshed,
That weaves through all — the living, dead
Born of light, yet soft and near,
It flows through bone and blood and tear;
A force unseen, yet deeply felt,
Where breath and soul in stillness melt.

Some streams uplift with gentle grace,
They nourish thought, they cleanse all trace.
Some ground us deep to clear the way,
To cast old weight and night away.

Some kindle truth with steady fire,
Refining all the heart's desire.
Some stretch their arms both far and wide,
Binding what's scattered deep inside.

And one ascends on silent wing,
A rising breath that dares to sing —
It lifts the soul beyond the frame,
To realms untouched by fear or name.

This breath, so calm yet bright and clear,
Connects each now too far and near.
Draw in the light with mindful grace,
And let the dark find its own place.

Hold still the breath — not out, not in —
Where all begins and none can sin.
In that still pause, the Self is known —
No voice, no shape, yet all alone.

O wanderer of dust and dream,
Come rest beside this sacred stream.
In breath refined, the path is shown —
The self, dissolved, the truth alone.

For breath is not just life's refrain,
But key to peace, release from pain.
So, breathe, not merely to survive —
But to awaken, to arise, to thrive.

Let breath become the light you seek,
A dawn that breaks through strong and meek.
The flame within, so pure, untamed —
The breath of life, forever named.

[253] THE SONG OF THE TIMELESS TRUTHS

In quiet realms where sages stray,
Beyond all thought, beyond all play,
There rise the truths both vast and still —
The whispers of the highest will.

"I am the Light," the silence said,
No form remains, no separate thread.
The wave is not apart or small —
It is the sea that holds it all.

"You are that Truth," a voice once gave,
Not born to serve, nor made to crave.
No, you, no I, no mask, no role —
Just one great sky, one boundless soul.

"This self you know is not your name,
But part of 'That' — eternal flame.
No elsewhere waits, no time to come —
The Now, the Here, the All is One."

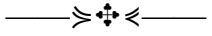
"Awareness is the truth that stays,
Unseen by thought, untouched by days.
It is the light behind the eye,
The calm beneath the question: 'Why?'"

And so, the wise have sung since then:
"All this you see is 'That' again —
The stone, the cloud, the fire, the rain,
All flow from One, and back remain."

No creed, no code, no temple door
Can hold the truth our hearts once bore.
It burns within, a quiet spark —
It wakes the soul; it parts the dark.

These truths are not to chant aloud,
Nor wear like robes, nor claim so proud —
But felt where ego fades away,
And night is lit by inward day.

O seeker, still your searching mind,
What you would grasp, you'll never find —
Until you see what sages knew:
The One is All. And 'That' is You.



[254] THE BREATH THAT AWAKENS

O wanderer lost in the noise of the day,
Turn now within — let silence guide your way.
It's not through thought, nor outward deeds alone,
But breath refined, the inner truth is shown.

This path is still, yet fierce with light and flame,
Where breath becomes no longer just a name.
It rises deep from chambers hushed and true,
And lifts the soul to realms beyond the view.

Draw in the air, let every breath descend —
Then rise again, as boundaries start to bend.
The senses sleep, the rushing world grows still,
And peace flows in, by force of quiet will.

The fire within, once gently stirred and fed,
Burns off the chains of all that's gone and dead.
Old wounds dissolve, old patterns lose their hold,
And in their place, a clearer light unfolds.

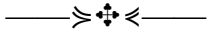
A silent force begins its upward flight,
Unlocking gates of wisdom, love, and light.
Each step within reveals a hidden shore,
And what was dust becoming ever more?

Above the noise, beyond the grasp of time,
A summit waits, serene and so sublime.
Where self and Self no longer stand apart,
And light pours freely from the opened heart.

This path restores, refines, and gently clears
The cluttered mind, the weight of ancient years.
It soothes the frame and sets the spirit free
To merge at last with pure infinity.

But tread with care, for not all paths are true —
Seek one who knows, who's walked ahead of you.
A quiet guide, whose presence lights the flame,
Who speaks no word, yet calls your soul by name.

So, rise on breath, step through the inward gate —
The dawn you seek lies past the walls of fate.
This is the way where night dissolves into day —
The breath that wakes, the truth, the boundless way.



[255] THREADS OF DEED, THE LOOM OF FATE

I. The Loom Begins
Each thought we think, each word we say,
Is thread upon the loom of day.
A deed once done does not depart —
It lingers still in form and heart.
What moves the world is not mere chance,
But patterns woven in advance.

II. The Law Within
The journey winds through joy and strife,
And what we give becomes our life.
No silent wish, no quiet deed,
Escapes the soil in which we seed.
The past may shape the road we tread,
But still, new threads are spun ahead.

III. The Path of Insight
In lands of stillness, some have taught:
The self is not what we have thought.
We rise and fall like waves at sea,
Yet cling to forms of "I" and "me."
But when we pause and cease to yearn,
The tides recede, the light returns.

IV. Echoes and Choice
What echoes now was once a choice —
A word once whispered, now a voice.
So, walk with care, and let your fire
Be lit by kindness, not desire.
For every act, both great and small,
Creates the rise or sparks the fall.

V. A Common Climb
Though names may change, the quest is one:
To see the self in everyone.
To live with thoughtfulness and grace,
To leave no hurt, no bitter trace.
To shape the clay of life with light,
And turn the dark of fate to bright.

VI. Beyond the Veil
And when the threads no longer bind,
When past and future fade behind,
There lies a stillness, calm and clear,

Where love is whole, and truth draws near.
Beyond belief, beyond all name —
There burns the quiet, deathless flame.

[256] THE ONE WITHOUT A SECOND

There is but 'One', no form, no name,
The breath behind all flame and frame.
From 'That' arise both dust and star,
The near unborn, the ever far.

No second stirs in time or space,
It dreams all worlds, yet leaves no trace.
It moves as leaf, as wind, as tree —
Yet dwells in stillness, endlessly.

It bears no shape, yet births the sky,
Too vast for thought, too deep to spy.
Yet every form its whispers keep —
The soul that wakes, the heart that sleeps.

What seems apart is just disguise,
A play of light before our eyes.
The wave forgets, but not the sea —
It flows, returns, and comes to be.

Through veils of doubt and misted fear,
The One remains — so strangely near.
It holds the dusk, it sings the dawn,
And walks within, yet called unknown.

O seeker, hush — no path, no pace;
The truth you seek is face to face.
When self dissolves in 'That' alone,
The drop is lost, and ocean known.

[257] FROM DESIRE TO DHARMA

Desire begins in flesh and fire,
A restless spark, a deep desire.
But human hearts are shaped for more —
A quiet truth, a deeper core.

What draws us close, what brings us near,
May heal with love or cloud with fear.
Unbridled want may lead astray,
When guided not, it veers away.

Yet passion, when by purpose led,
Transcends the snare where flesh is fed.
Transformed with care, it lights the way —
From night of want to soul's clear day.

The power lies not in denial,
But in a conscious, inward trial —
To feel, to know, yet not be bound;
To walk with calm on shaking ground.

For joy that's born from fleeting things
Will fade like mist on morning wings.
But joy that rises from within
Is free from grasp, untouched by sin.

So let the fire become our guide —
Not chained to want, but walked beside.
In mastering self, we come to see
A love that frees, a truth that's free.

[258] ECHOES OF THE ETERNAL

From light unborn and depths no eye has seen,
The worlds arise in silence, vast, serene.
This realm of dust, of flame, of sky and sea,
Is dreamt within a boundless Mystery.

The soul flows on through form and fleeting name,
Through birth's soft veil and death's dissolving flame.
It walks through fire, it weeps in stone and star,
Yet seeks the shore of what we truly are.

Enclothed in breath, in shadow, flesh, and sigh,
We lose the thread, then ask the stars why.
But when the veil of matter falls away,
The soul ascends into its native ray.

Each life, a ripple cast from source unknown,
Returns to drink what it once called its own —
Until the tides no longer need to roam,
And silence calls the wandering spirit home.

A voice within the heartless hush of deep
Calls not to climb, but inwardly to leap —
To cast the chains, dissolve the outer skin,
And taste the light that ever burns within.

For death is but a hush, a pause in song,
A gate through which the soul is drawn along.
And deep in all, both shadowed, bright, and small —
The One Unseen breathes gently through it all.

[259] THE ETERNAL LAW OF HARMONY

Not carved in stone, nor bound by creed,
But born of truth, all hearts still need.
It flows where love and silence meet —
A law that lives beyond the deed.

It moves through stars, wind, and tree,
Through you and I — through all we see.
A quiet fire, both firm and kind,
Unseen, yet breathing endlessly.

It sings in acts of selfless grace,
In a beggar's hut and a royal place.
Not rites, nor robes, nor temple walls
Contain its truth or hold its face.

It guides the child, the kin, the sage,
Through shifting roles and passing age.
From toil to rest, from song to prayer,
It walks behind the worldly stage.

When chaos reigns and shadows rise,
It whispers deep beneath the cries —
A light within, a voice so still,
That lifts the soul and clears the skies.

No tongue can name, no hand can bind
The law that breathes through all mankind.
It is the thread, the path, the peace —
The root of love, the heart refined.

It is not won by sword or plea,
But yields to those who simply be.
In stillness felt, in truth obeyed —
A wave dissolved in boundless sea.

So, walk in tune with that deep Will,
Let heart be soft, the spirit still.
For one who moves with love as guide
Will hear the song No Night Can Kill.

[260] A CULTURE BEYOND CREEDS

Before the creeds, a deeper light was born,
Not shaped by dogma, sword, or sacred scroll.
It lives within the stillness of the morn.

No tribal gods with faces carved in scorn,
But love that breathes through every living soul —
Before the creeds, a deeper light was born.

It sang with stars, with tree and wind and thorn,
A path untouched by fear or false control.
It lives within the stillness of the morn.

No wrathful word, no heaven to be sworn,
Just truth that moves where silent waters roll —
Before the creeds, a deeper light was born.

The self is more than mind or flesh, forlorn,
It dwells beyond the ego's fractured role;
It lives within the stillness of the morn.

When veils are torn and all pretense is shorn,
We find the flame that makes the spirit whole.
Before the creeds, a deeper light was born —
It lives within the stillness of the morn.

[261] BHARAT — THE ETERNAL FLAME OF SPIRIT

In lands where ancient sages walked,
Where silence spoke and stillness talked,
A flame was lit, not bound by name,
A timeless truth, a sacred flame.

Here, wisdom rose from soil and stone,
From solitude and dreams alone.
No single creed could hold the light
That danced through day, burned through night.

It welcomed doubt, it honoured quest,
It held the seeker as its guest.
No walls were built, no soul denied —
All paths could walk with Truth as guide.

The sacred here is not confined.
To any book or single mind.
It flows through song, through loss, through birth,
Through breath and fire and sky and earth.

No need for chains of fixed belief —
Its core is grace, its touch is brief.
It lives in hearts, in winds that roam,
In quiet thought, in hearth and home.

O land of spirit, vast and free,
Your ancient fire still burns in me.
You teach the world what few have known:
That truth is found when self is gone.

[262] BEYOND LONELINESS

The mind converses in a ceaseless stream,
It weaves its world from thought and shifting dream.
It praises, scorns, divides, and builds its wall —
Yet in its grasp, we often rise or fall.

The heart replies in silence, soft and deep,
Where truth is known, and words no footing keep.
A compass born before all time began,
It guides beyond the grasp and will of man.

But deeper still, past thought and feeling's play,
A stillness waits where the self is swept away.
No "I" remains, no "you," no outer scheme —
Just being, vast, beyond the mind's regime.

Here dwells no loss, no gain, no need to strive,
For in this light, all things are one — alive.
No self to guard, no other to defend —
Just peace that neither starts nor has an end.

The lonely cry dissolves within this glow,
As time, name, and form cease to flow.
Not lost in void, but found in boundless whole,
Where all is One — the world, the self, the soul.

So, turn within, and let illusions fall,
The truth we seek was never far at all.
The flame we feared had left our sight or skin,
Still burns, unbroken, always deep within.

[263] SOURCE, SHAPER & SEEKER

In stillness deep, where sages come to rest,
Beyond all thought, beyond the mind's request,
There shines a light, untouched by name or frame —
The formless truth from which all beings came.

It moves no hand, yet stirs the seed to rise;
It breathes through stones, through stars, through wings that fly.
No eye can catch, no touch can hold its grace —
The ground of time, the soul of boundless space.

From 'That' which knows no birth, no end, no place,
Emerges form, and law, and fleeting face.
A hidden mind gives shape to void and flame,
Then folds it back into the source it came.

The voice that speaks, the hand that builds and breaks,
Are shadows cast by truth that never shakes,
Though clothed in time, they vanish like a wave
That fades into the sea, it could not save.

Yet those who walk with silence in their hand,
Who serve the good, who love the sacred land —
Not marked by birth, but by the path they choose —
Are those who keep the flame, the world might lose.

So, see the thread that weaves through all you see:
The Source, the Shaper, and the one who sees.
One is the ground, one brings the form to light,
And one lives out its song in truth and right.

[264] ONE TRUTH, MANY STREAMS

In every heart, in every land,
The truth flows forth like grains of sand —
One flame, one light, one sacred core,
Though called by names forevermore.

No single creed, no chosen race,
Can bind the truth or claim its place;
Each path a stream that meets the sea,
Where all dissolve in unity.

The holy dwells in great and small —
In leaf and beast, in one and all.
To live with love, to serve with grace,
Is worship in its truest face.

No dogma forged this way of light,
But insight born of inward sight;
The wise once saw with eyes turned in —
And touched the truth that lies within.

No sword sustains this timeless way,
But words that teach and hearts that stay.
Where peace and understanding grow,
There flows the path the sages know.

So let us walk with minds made wide,
With hearts that hold no need for pride.
For truth is vast, and love is the key —
One life, one soul, one mystery.

[265] THE VEILS AND THE FLAME WITHIN

The body moves through dust and flame,
A fleeting shape, a changing name.
It feels the sun, it fears the night,
Then fades into the silent light.

Behind the form, a current flows —
Of thought that dreams and breath that knows.
It binds with fear, it lifts with grace,
And wanders far from time and place.

Still deeper waits a darker sea,
Where old imprints sleep silently.
A veil so thin, yet firmly tied —
It cloaks the truth we hold inside.

But none of these, nor all combined,
Can hold the flame that is the mind.
For deep within, beyond decays,
The deathless Self remains always.

To still the noise, to break the chain,
We walk through silence, loss, and pain.
And every tether we release —
Becomes a step toward lasting peace.

O seeker, rise and turn your gaze —
Beyond the form, beyond the haze.
The 'Self' is light, forever whole —
The flame untouched, the final goal.

[266] THE PATH BEYOND THE NAME

In sacred halls where candles glow,
Where whispered prayers and offerings flow,
The ancient ways still guide the soul,
Through rites that keep the spirit whole.

Yet deeper still than form or sound,
A truth beyond all bounds is found —
Not carved in creed, nor tied to place,
But shining through with silent grace.

It walks with those who seek the light,
Through joy and sorrow, day and night.
It calls us not by name or role,
But stirs the will, and wakes the soul.

No single book, no temple wall,
Can hold the truth that speaks to all.
It lives where love and wisdom rise,
And knows no death, and wears no guise.

In every path the heart may take —
Through stillness deep or mountain wake —
This changeless way, both near and far,
Is found in who we truly are.

So, through the veil of time and creed,
Beyond the law, beyond the need —
The light endures, serene and wide —
The nameless truth we hold inside.

[267] CITIZENS OF EARTH

We all — not by chance,
but by birthright —
are citizens of Planet Earth.
Not divided by borders,
but united by breath, by sky above
and soil beneath our feet.

I live in Delhi.
If I travel to Mumbai
and someone asks,
"Where are you from?"
I say, "From Delhi."
From Delhi to London —
And suddenly,
I am an Indian.

But suppose, one day,
I voyage beyond —
and set foot on Mars.
An alien asks,
"Where do you come from?"
And I would answer,
simply and truthfully:
"I am from Earth." — an Earthling

And so, it dawns —
All boundaries blur
before the vastness of space.
Nationhood, a smaller circle
Within the larger arc of belonging.

If we could learn
to see through this lens—
to rise beyond flags and frontiers,
creeds and colours — we would know:
The whole human race
is one extended family,
and Earth,
our shared and sacred home.

Let us breathe, not as strangers,
But as kin — planet-born, and planet-bound.

[268] TORCH-BEARERS SHOW THE WAY

We drink from the same ancient spring,
where truth flows, unowned, undivided —
Yet we bottle its waters,
label them with our names,
and call the container our creation.

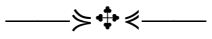
Thoughts we claim as ours,
Are echoes of voices long gone,
Whispers from sages, rebels, saints —
The mind recycles what the soul remembers.
Still, we sculpt borrowed words
and sign them with pride,
Hiding the theft in clever turns of phrase.

The Wise,
those who truly saw,
never rushed to inscribe their names on stone.
They knew: truth needs no author,
no monument of ink or fame —
it simply is, eternal, indivisible, beyond invention or claim.

A torch-bearer may carry the flame,
But the light is not theirs.
It existed before the hand that held it,
and will burn long after it's passed on.

So, seek not the speaker,
But what is spoken?
Pursue not the form,
But the quality it reveals.

Let truth alone be your guide,
and cast the false aside —
However brightly it may shine.



[269] THE GRANDCHILDREN OF MAN

In the laughter of four little girls,
my world dances — a symphony of delight,
pure, radiant, untamed.
They bring with them
not just joy,
But ecstasy and elation,
a flood of living energy,
where innocence plays barefoot
on the soft grass of the soul.

They are life
as it was meant to be lived — natural, spontaneous,
free from the plastic glaze, of synthetic smiles,
from the forced rhythms, of man-made lives.

In their presence,
I glimpse the sacred rhythm
We've forgotten —
The laughter that echoes
The original breath of creation,
The playfulness that once belonged to all of us.

My hair now silver with time,
I sit and wonder — what life have I truly lived?
So much of it… wrapped in fiction,
tied with ribbons of false success.
Can this worn heart, still shine like gold,
like theirs — untouched,
unguarded, unafraid?

But it's no longer about me.
It's about them — the bright eyes that will see tomorrow
long after I'm gone.
They are not just children, they are torchbearers.
They are the future's first whisper.
And we must tend their roots,
water their wonder, teach not just facts,
But how to stay alive inside?

They say, "Charity begins at home," and I believe it begins
In bedtime stories, in holding hands through doubt,
In being present, when they look up and ask,
"Why is the sky so big?"

So let me end with a smile — a twist of time and truth:
Grandchildren are the grandparents of man,
They remind us of who we were,
before the world told us otherwise.

[270] THE FAREWELL FLAME

The winds grow still, the lamps burn low,
And twilight lays its gentle glow.
The echoes fade, the song is done —
Yet silence hums of something One.

The footprints left upon the sand
Are swept away by ocean's hand,
But not in loss — they merge, they gleam,
Like morning mist within a dream.

No form shall last, no name shall stay,
The stars, too, yield to the break of day.
Yet who we were is not unspun —
We rise, we merge, we are the Sun.

Each breath, each leaf, each wave, each flame —
A moment's joy, none stays the same.
But all returns, and all remains,
In sky, in soul, in falling rains.

So, close the book, yet do not grieve —
The heart remembers how to leave.
This end is not the end you see —
But dawn disguised as mystery.

Farewell, dear soul — now rise, now roam.
No path is lost. All paths lead Home.

THE LAST WORD

STILL MORE TO SAY

Man shapes his verse from dust, desire, and flame,
Then seeks himself in praise, in pride, in name.
But words ring true when offered to the Light,
Not bartered in the marketplace of fame.

If Self was glimpsed and stillness left its trace,
Let that be all — no need for worldly grace.